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## MISS INGLESBY'S SISTER-IN-LAW.

A STORY IN SIX CHAPTERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VALERIE AYLMER," "MORTON HOUSE," "MADEL LEE," ETC.

### CHAPTER I.

"I WONDER what she will be like?" said pretty Rose Inglesby, half musingly, half pettishly. "She might have had con-

sixpence, and decide that point at least by heads and tails? Mamma, have you a sixpence?"

"Don't be foolish, Rose," answered Mrs. Inglesby, placidly.

hummed drowsily; the clock ticked obtrusively, and for five minutes an unbroken silence reigned in the bowery drawing-room, with its lace curtains and India matting, its graceful furniture, and cool, Venetian blinds. The



"Down came a music-book on the piano-keys with a crash, and Miss Inglesby rose to address the company."—Page 630.

sideration enough to send one her photograph! It is very tantalizing to be expecting a woman, and not even to know what she looks like—not even, in a general way, whether she is pretty or ugly. Suppose I toss up a

This was Mrs. Inglesby's usual reply to her daughter's usual flow of gay nonsense; and on this occasion the remark had a decidedly sedative effect. Miss Inglesby leaned back, yawned, and said no more. The flies

two ladies, who were its only occupants, had the width of the room between them; and, although it was evident that they were both enduring that unpleasant expectation which is the same in kind, however much it may

differ in degree, whether a battle or a guest is impending, yet it was also evident that they bore this trying ordeal very differently. Mrs. Inglesby—a model of the “fair, fat, and forty” type of good looks—seemed indemnifying herself for her broken siesta by a luxurious rest in a deep *fauteuil*, while Rose—who was seated in an inscrutable school-girl fashion in the corner of a sofa—did not keep still for two consecutive seconds. At last, restlessness prevailed over indolence, and with a quick motion she rose to her feet.

“This is intolerable!” she said. “What with the heat, and the waiting, and the uncertainty, I am so nervous I don’t know what to do with myself. Mamma” (indignantly), “I believe you are absolutely asleep!”

“No I am not,” said Mrs. Inglesby, in a suspiciously drowsy tone of denial.

“I only wish I was!” said Rose; and then she began pacing to and fro. As she moved across the floor, practising various steps, and various modes of carrying her shoulders and arms, by way of passing the time, she suddenly caught a glimpse of herself in a large mirror, and this glimpse made her pause. She stopped and gazed, fascinated, as any one else might have been, by the freshness of her complexion, the grace of her features, the sheen of her hair; and as she gazed she smiled—first unconsciously at her own loveliness, then consciously at her own vanity.

“Mamma,” she said—paused a moment, considered, and finally went on—“mamma, I wonder if she will be prettier than I am?”

“Prettier than you are!” echoed Mrs. Inglesby, with a start. Then she looked up at her daughter, and it was easy to see from the coolness with which she went on that this egregious want of modesty was not uncommon on Miss Inglesby’s part. “I can’t say, Rose; but I should think it was very probable. She had quite a reputation before she was married, you know; and Harry—poor fellow!—always spoke of her as a great beauty.”

“I have something of a reputation, too,” said Rose, still looking at herself in the glass; “and if I married I am sure I should feel very badly if my husband did not think I was a great beauty. Thank you for your information, mamma; but neither of those two points is very novel or very conclusive. She really might have had sufficient consideration to send one her photograph,” repeated the young lady, impatiently. “This uncertainty will drive me distracted!”

“Isn’t that five o’clock striking?” asked Mrs. Inglesby. “The train is due so soon now that it would hardly be worth while to go distracted, I think, Rose.”

“It is due at 5.10, I believe,” said Rose.

This reflection sobered her, for she walked to the window and looked out silently on the broad street with its rows of green shade-trees, the golden sunshine streaming through them, and the long shadows thrown across. She made a pretty picture, standing by the window in the green dimness of its half-closed blinds, with the lace curtains all around her, and a hanging basket swinging just above her head—such a pretty picture that a gentleman, who at this moment came down the quiet street, paused suddenly at sight of it. He was a dark, slender man, of medium size, who,

as he paused, took off his hat and spoke in the tone and with the manner of a familiar acquaintance.

“Good-evening, Miss Inglesby. What miracle have I to thank for the unexpected pleasure of seeing you? It surely must have been a miracle to bring you down from your siesta at five o’clock on such an afternoon as this—the warmest of the season, everybody says.”

“Good-evening, Mr. Kennon,” returned Miss Inglesby, with a smile and a blush. “You haven’t any miracle at all to thank for seeing me. I cut short my siesta unwillingly enough, I assure you; and I only did so because we are expecting my sister-in-law this afternoon.”

“Your sister-in-law!” he repeated, starting slightly, and, as it were, unconsciously.

“Yes, my sister-in-law. Is that a very disagreeable anticipation? You look as if you thought so.”

“Did I look so? Well, it is disagreeable so far—that I can’t ask permission to ring the door-bell and profit by your exemplary virtue.”

“No, I am afraid you can’t. The train is due by this time, and no doubt they will be here very soon—more’s the pity!” added she, with a grimace.

“Yes, the train is due,” said he, glancing at his watch; “but it will be some time before your sister-in-law can arrive—fifteen minutes, at least. That gives me ten. I hope I am not detaining you from any thing more pleasant?”

“Oh, not at all,” answered Rose, quite deaf to various significant sounds that were proceeding from the part of the room where her mother sat. “If you don’t mind standing on the pavement, I am sure I don’t mind standing here. It’s rather entertaining, in fact.”

“Come out on the balcony, then, won’t you? That Undine light is very becoming, but I should like to shake hands, and I can’t well manage that across the balcony and through the blinds.”

“You will have to dispense with that gratification, I fear. I cannot come out on the balcony at this scorching hour of the day—(No, mamma—I have not an idea of going)—and I must say you look very comfortable where you are, Mr. Kennon.”

“I am very comfortable,” said Mr. Kennon—which in truth was not remarkable, as he was leaning against a large elm, with his face to the window and his back to the tree, thus enjoying at his leisure the shade cast freely down upon him, and the pretty picture arranged before him. “I am very comfortable indeed; and I will unite usefulness to comfort, by letting you know as soon as the carriage containing your sister-in-law comes in sight. Does your brother accompany her?”

“My brother!” For an instant Rose opened her eyes. “Oh, you are thinking of my other sister-in-law—my brother Robert’s wife. This is the widow of my brother who is dead—my poor brother Harry. She is travelling alone, and papa has gone down to the station to meet her. We have never seen her,” proceeded the young lady, waxing

quite confidential. “She and Harry met in Europe, and were married there, and went straight to Brazil, where he had a position as engineer; and”—her voice fell—“he died there. When his wife came back, she went to her own friends, and so, though it is three years since she returned, we have never seen her, and—O Mr. Kennon, we do wonder so much what she is like!”

“Do you?” said Mr. Kennon. “I am a little surprised at that. Of course most women have reason to be curious about another woman; but you need not fear a rival near the throne.”

“I am not sure about that,” said Rose, candidly. “Widows are very fascinating; and I think I have heard that she is a beauty.”

“Her beauty ought to be worn off by this time,” said Mr. Kennon, with the sneer that often disfigured his handsome mouth. “Can a woman bury husbands *ad libitum*, and show no sign of it? If there is one popular belief more than another which fills me with disgust, it is the belief that widows have any attraction to men who do not prefer all their goods and chattels second-hand,” he went on, with a bitterness which surprised Rose, yet pleased her, too; though it would have waked the suspicion of a more worldly-wise woman.

“There is something about a widow that smacks of the charnel-house,” he continued. “Either she loved her first husband, or she did not—in either case, who cares to be his successor?”

“Then I suppose the *belle veuve* of French comedy has no attraction to you?” said Rose, half archly, half shyly.

He laughed—not pleasantly, by any means.

“If ever I make up my mind to marry one,” he said, “I shall order my wedding-coat from a pawnbroker’s. There would be an exquisite fitness in the association of things. But I think I see the carriage coming—so your curiosity with regard to this particular widow will soon be gratified. I hope she will prove every thing she should be, and I hope you will let me come to see you soon.”

He lifted his hat and bowed. But Rose did not return the salutation. She had turned to tell her mother that the expected guest was near at hand—and, when she turned back again, he was already walking rapidly away. She had meant to say something before he went—something that would bring him back soon—but it was too late now. The carriage was approaching, and, even while Mrs. Inglesby was saying, “You might really have some regard for my wishes, Rose, in the matter of encouraging that Mr. Kennon,” it drew up before the house.

The two ladies went out at once to welcome the stranger. As they reached the front door, they saw Colonel Inglesby assisting a tall, graceful woman in a long crape veil, and a long black cloak, from the carriage. Rose’s heart gave a bound. “A beautiful figure, at any rate,” she thought; “and still in widow’s weeds!” The next moment, there was the rush of reception and greeting—hands clasped, kisses given, half uttered words spoken, a few tears shed, per-

haps, for this visit could not be other than sad in the thoughts and associations which it awakened, and, when all this subsided, the young widow was within her husband's home.

"You would like to go to your own room at once, would you not, my dear?" asked Mrs. Inglesby, as they entered the hall.

"Thank you, yes. I am very tired," the stranger answered, in a sweet voice.

So she was borne away to the upper regions, while Rose—who was intensely curious to see that veiled face—found herself left to endure her curiosity as best she might.

She did not endure it very well. She was impatient and unsettled, and she roamed restlessly about the drawing-room waiting for her mother to return, and quite unconscious that Mrs. Inglesby had come down-stairs and been absorbed into the dining-room, whence proceeded, ever and anon, that friendly clatter of dishes which speaks so confidently of coming cheer. John was a good servant, but rather stupid; so his mistress, who was naturally anxious that, on the first day of the stranger's arrival, every thing should be right and proper, had thought it best to go and superintend matters in person. Hence, Miss Inglesby fidgeted in the drawing-room quite alone; and hence, also, she went to the window and stretched her neck to gaze up and down the street, in faint hope of seeing Mr. Kennon on the visible horizon. While she was thus engaged, the rustle of a dress sounded behind her, and a melodious voice said:

"Have I drifted into the right room?" and, turning suddenly, she faced her sister-in-law.

In a moment she saw what she was like, and in a moment, too, her heart, without rhyme or reason, sank down into her very shoes. "Yes, this is the right room," she said, "and I am very glad to see you. Pray sit down." Meanwhile, she thought, "What a vain fool I was to wonder if she would be prettier than I am!" In truth, Mrs. Henry Inglesby was a woman such as one does not see very often. As she stood in the soft, golden light, with her graceful figure, her flowing dress of lustreless black silk, and the folds of sheer white crape at her neck and wrists, she looked so queenly and imposing that pretty, dainty Rose shrank into absolute insignificance before her. Then, what an alabaster complexion; what statuesque features; what large, full eyes of the rare golden-brown tint; what rich, heavy masses of magnificent golden-brown hair! Altogether, she was a woman whose beauty no one could deny, a woman born to lead hearts captive by right divine of her witching face, and a woman with a fascination quite independent of these personal gifts, as Rose herself was soon forced to acknowledge.

For, beginning with soft, sad remembrances of the bright young engineer, who had been the link between them, Mrs. Inglesby soon won her way to the girl's heart. Her manners were very sweet and gracious—a little too dignified, perhaps, for the taste of the present day, but very perfect, for all that; and very well calculated to wear away, by gentle degrees, the barriers of shyness and reserve. Though the dead "Harry" had been only Rose's half-brother, she was very tender

toward his memory; and, despite the beauty which at first had startled her, was very well disposed to like the wife of whom he had been so proud. The two were talking like old acquaintances when Colonel Inglesby came in after a while—a little shaken from his ordinary calm, a little subdued in his ordinary manner; for, though he had said nothing about it, this visit was a trial to him, recalling, as it did, the son who had been, of all the children, his favorite and pride. He was relieved when he saw how matters were progressing, for Rose was an uncertain girl at all times, and in nothing more uncertain than her likes and dislikes. It had been a matter of doubt how she would receive the new sister-in-law; and, therefore, her father was relieved to see that friendly relations were already established between them. Soon after his entrance Mrs. Inglesby appeared, and, presently, dinner was announced.

The evening which followed, though a strictly domestic, was far from a dull one. The Inglesby house was, of all houses in Northorpe, the most popular in a social way; and, though to-night not one of its usual visitors rang the door-bell, or dropped in for the "half-minute" that always lengthened into a half-hour, or probably several half-hours, no one missed them, or felt time tedious because of their absence. True, Rose looked once or twice wistfully toward the street, as a masculine step rang on the pavement, or a masculine voice floated through the window; but she bore the unusual isolation very well, and even she acknowledged, when the evening was over, that the new sister-in-law was a singularly charming person. What the latter had said or done that was specially attractive nobody knew; but that whatever she said or did had a grace of its own they all felt. After she had bidden them good-night, and retired to her chamber, they each looked at the chair where she had lately sat, and where the fragrance of her presence still lingered, and each expressed, in different ways, the same degree of admiration.

"Poor Harry!—poor fellow!" said the colonel, rising and walking to and fro. "It was even harder on him than I thought—to leave all his bright prospects in life, and such a wife, so soon. I have not seen as fine a woman—I don't know when," he went on, quite regardless that his wife and daughter were listening to him. "I hope you will take some lessons from her, Rose. Her manners are perfect."

"They are very good, papa," said Rose, with a slight toss of her head; "but, as for their perfection, that's all a matter of taste, you know. Some people might think my manners perfect, and then I should be sorry that I had changed them for those of my sister-in-law. She is as pretty as she well can be, however—don't you think so, mamma? Oh, if I only had such a complexion, and such a nose, and such eyes, and, above all, such a figure, I should be happy—happier than I ever shall be again after seeing them in the possession of another woman, and that woman a widow!"

"Widows are usually considered very attractive," said Mrs. Inglesby, in her quiet way. "I remember, when I was young, I

used to be more afraid of them than of girls, a great deal. Alice is so lovely, too—I don't wonder poor Harry used to rave about her. She won't be a widow long—you may depend on that, Rose!"

"It don't concern me one way or another," said Rose, carelessly. "I like her very much—a great deal better than I expected—and that is all. I believe I'll go to bed. I'm a little sleepy and tired, though I haven't the excuse of a journey, as Mrs. Inglesby had. By-the-way, I must make up my mind before to-morrow what I shall call her. 'Sister' is absurd, and I can't say 'Alice.' She is far too grand—I should much sooner think of saying 'your majesty.'—Good-night, papa. I will practise manners, if you think I need improvement so badly."

The spoiled child kissed her father, bade her mother good-night, and went her way upstairs. When she entered her chamber, and closed the door, she walked straight to the toilet-table, turned up both jets of the gas, and looked at herself from head to foot in the large, swinging mirror. This careful survey lasted about ten minutes, then a satisfied smile came over her face, and she nodded complacently to the reflection smiling back at her. "You don't lose so much by the comparison, after all," she said. "And Kennon admires little women—he told me so himself."

## CHAPTER II.

*La belle veuve*, as Rose inwardly styled her sister-in-law, made her appearance the next morning in a becoming trifle of a Marie Stuart breakfast-cap, of the sheerest white crape, which gave to her costume the last possible touch of refined elegance. "Why did Providence ever see fit to make such a ravishing creature a widow?" was Miss Inglesby's thought, as she watched the graceful entrance of the stranger, and exchanged a moderately affectionate greeting with her.

"Am I early or late?" asked the latter, in her rich, sweet voice—the voice of a born contralto. "You did not mention the breakfast-hour last night, and I am always lazy on the least provocation."

"You are early, as it chances," said Rose, watching her with unconscious envy, and almost wishing herself a widow, that she might be able to wear such an irresistible coiff. "Mamma is not down yet, and breakfast is not ready."

"And are you always so early?" asked Mrs. Inglesby, glancing at a hat and veil near by, which had apparently just been laid aside.

"Not always, but I have been a little unwell this spring, and Dr. Rawdon advised a walk before breakfast, so I try it occasionally. There is a very pleasant square near us, and it is always deserted early in the morning. One might practise gymnastics there with perfect impunity."

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Inglesby, smiling. "I am rather fond of a constitutional myself," she went on. "If you have no objection, I think I will join you some morning."

"I—of course I shall be very glad," said Rose—but she stammered, and, despite herself, looked unmistakably dismayed.



This expression, quickly as it was banished, did not escape her sister-in-law. The beautiful brown eyes gave one keen glance which Rose did not soon forget, and then, as a flush came over the delicate guelder-rose complexion of the girl, Mrs. Inglesby walked to one of the low French windows which overlooked a garden blooming with the royal beauty of May.

"What beautiful flowers you have!" she said. "I suppose the dew is gone by this time, and one may venture out with impunity?"

"Jackson, our gardener, is so careful to keep the walks clear of grass, that you need not fear any amount of dew," said Rose, following her, and unclosing the sash.

They walked down the garden-paths together; but, while Mrs. Inglesby was delighted with the dewy freshness and fragrance of every thing around, and while she stopped continually to admire or gather some tempting bud or half-blown blossom, Rose seemed strangely indifferent to the winsome charm of these bright darlings of the spring. She sauntered listlessly along, and looked so often in the direction of a house near by—a large, handsome, old-fashioned house, set in a large, old-fashioned garden, which was divided by a high wall from their own—that at last her sister-in-law remarked the fact.

"Who is your next-door neighbor?" she asked. "Being so near, you ought to be sociable."

"We have no next-door neighbor," answered Rose, a little shortly. "The house is unoccupied."

Mrs. Inglesby stopped in the act of pulling a Noisette bud, and looked at the house in question. For an unoccupied dwelling it certainly presented a strange appearance just then—blinds were open, windows were raised, stir and movement were plainly visible within. As she looked, a gentleman showed himself at one of the open windows, and then hastily vanished.

"If your house is not occupied, it must be haunted," said she, turning to Rose with a smile.

But Rose was frowning as she gazed in the same direction, and her companion, whom nothing escaped, saw that one tiny foot was beating nervously on the gravel-path.

"The new owner must have come," answered she, almost bitterly. "When I said it was not occupied, I meant that the old man who used to live there is dead, and that his nephew, who inherits the place, had not arrived."

"So it has changed hands," said Mrs. Inglesby, looking with considerable interest at the stately house over which the bright May sunshine slanted as lovingly and gayly as if no coffin had ever passed across the threshold. "I think I should hate to leave such a home. What was the name of the old man of whom you speak?"

"He was an old wretch," said Rose, vindictively, "and his name was Devereux."

More than this meagre information Mrs. Inglesby did not receive. As Rose uttered the last word, there came through the open windows the clear, ringing sound of the breakfast-bell, and the two ladies retraced their steps to the house.

The day passed very quietly, and so, likewise, did the evening. But again no visitors dropped in; and it really seemed as if the curiosity of Northorpe was to be restrained in simply heroic degree. This evening, however, Rose showed unmistakable signs of *ennui*. She strolled listlessly to and fro, haunted the neighborhood of the front windows, started whenever there was a step on the pavement near the door, and finally committed the enormity of an undisguised yawn. Somewhat ashamed of this last achievement, she went to the piano; but, in the midst of her very first song, there came a sharp peal of the door-bell that made her start and turn. A moment later John passed through the hall to answer the summons, and Mrs. Henry Inglesby, who was listening, with exemplary patience, to her mother-in-law's placid stream of small-talk, looked up with a little interest in the interruption. As she looked up, her eye chanced to fall on Rose, and something in the girl's face attracted her attention. She was listening eagerly—listening with lips parted and color varying—to the sounds at the front-door; to John fumbling an instant or two at the handle before turning it, and to a voice—a round, jovial voice—inquiring if Colonel Inglesby and the ladies were at home. The bright brown eyes that were watching it saw a swift flush of vexation come over the listening face, and the lips meet only to be impatiently bitten. "Poor child!" thought the elder and more experienced woman, "she is looking for some man who has not come."

Somebody had come, however; for, besides the voice aforesaid, a hat and stick were audibly deposited in the hall, and a stout old gentleman, in a wig, soon made his appearance at the open door.

He was greeted cordially by the colonel as "Brent," and was plainly an intimate friend, from his own greetings to Mrs. Inglesby and Rose.

When he was presented to the young stranger, he at once claimed the privilege of shaking hands, on the score of having been a life-long friend of her husband and her husband's family.

The bustle of reception being over, and all due compliments paid, he sat himself down and plunged at once into social topics, in which Rose alone seemed to take no interest. While he talked at one end of the room, she went on playing at the other, and it was not until the name of Kennon caught her ear that she took her hands from the keys and turned round.

"What was that, Mr. Brent?" she asked, quickly. "Did you say that Mr. Kennon has left town?"

"I said he intended to leave," said Mr. Brent, while Mrs. Inglesby exchanged a quick glance with her husband. "I met him on the street to-day, and he told me that he was off—to be gone a week, I think he said. But I rather incline to think"—here the old gentleman looked very significant—"that he has gone for good."

"Why?" demanded Rose, with ill-restrained eagerness.

Mr. Brent glanced round at his audience before he tapped his snuffbox gently, and an-

swered, with a smile, "Because Philip Devereux has arrived."

To say that this item of news made a sensation would be to state an extreme fact as mildly as possible. Whoever Mr. Philip Devereux might be, it at least was evident that his arrival in Northorpe was a matter of importance.

The colonel said: "Bless my soul! you don't say so?" Mrs. Inglesby dropped her crochet-work and said: "Dear me! is it possible?" while Rose, turning first red and then pale, uttered never a word.

"Devereux!" said Mrs. Henry Inglesby, speaking quietly in the pause which ensued. "Is not that the name of the person who lives next door?"

"It was the name of the person who lived next door," said Mr. Brent, "and—yes, it is the name of the person who *does* live next door. Mr. Devereux, the old gentleman—a fine old fellow he was, too—eh, Inglesby?—is dead; but his nephew, who succeeds to the property, and who, I was just saying, has arrived in Northorpe, is named Devereux also."

"It is a good thing that the old name won't die out among us," said Colonel Inglesby, straightening himself back in his chair.

"I thought I noticed a great commotion of house-cleaning over there to-day," said Mrs. Inglesby, in her mild way; "but it really did not occur to me that Philip Devereux had arrived.—Dear me, colonel, you must call on him at once. We were such good friends with old Mr. Devereux; and you remember how he used to come sociably through the garden of an evening to play whist with us?"

"I shouldn't be surprised if Mr. Philip Devereux learned to be sociable in the same way—to play something besides whist, perhaps," said Mr. Brent, with a laugh and a glance at Rose, both of which Rose treated with silent disdain.

"Odious old wretch!" she thought to herself; but she would not gratify him by deigning to resent the point of his feeble little joke.

"Of course he has come to take possession of the property," said Mrs. Inglesby, after a minute. "But will he—a young man and a bachelor—live in that rambling old house, Mr. Brent?"

"He needn't always be a bachelor, you know, my dear madam," answered Mr. Brent, with another "odious" chuckle. "There'll be caps enough pulled for him among the girls of Northorpe, you may be sure—that is, if he stays long enough to give them a fair chance."

"He may sell the real estate," hazarded the colonel. "Unless he *does* mean to marry and settle down, such a young man would scarcely care for that kind of property."

"That is more than I can tell you," said Mr. Brent. "Nobody knows—I doubt even if he knows himself—his final intentions about the property. A very fine property," pursued he, "and a very fine young man to inherit it. No comparison between him and a reckless adventurer like Kennon, eh?"

Before the colonel could give the assent which was plainly expected, down came a mu-



ac-book on the piano-keys with a crash, and Miss Inglesby rose to address the company.

"That is the way of the world!" she cried, with a ring of genuine indignation in her voice. "Everybody is always against the unfortunate, and—always ready to call them names. I don't suppose that Mr. Kennon is any more of an adventurer than all poor men are obliged to be; and, if he had obtained the fortune, Mr. Brent, you would say of him exactly what you now say of Mr. Devereux!"

There was quite a pause after this. Nobody answered the impetuous girl. The three old people looked at each other, while Rose looked at them; and, if anybody had glanced aside at Mrs. Henry Inglesby, they would have seen that she was smiling a peculiar sort of smile to herself as she bent her face down over a photograph-album which she had taken up.

It was Mr. Brent who spoke first, indulgently and kindly, as one might speak to a child.

"That's hardly a fair conclusion, Rose, when I say of Kennon only what everybody said long before his grandfather's death, and before the suit about the property was decided. Everybody knows, too, that he has only himself to thank that his cousin inherits the estate. Mr. Devereux would never have disinherited his grandson for his nephew if he had not had good reason for it."

"His mind was poisoned against Mr. Kennon," said Rose, with the promptness of one who has learned a lesson and knows it by heart.

"Nobody who knew him is likely to credit that," answered the old gentleman, with a shrug. "There never was a juster man, or a man less likely to be deceived. It must have gone hard with him when he was obliged to leave the bulk of his fortune away from his own grandson; but I doubt if anybody who knows any thing about Laurence Kennon could blame him."

He spoke the last words gravely; then, before Rose could reply, turned to the colonel and proposed a game of whist.

"We are four," he said, "even if Mrs. Inglesby"—glancing at the stately young widow—"does not play."

As it chanced, however, Mrs. Inglesby did play, and willingly agreed to take a hand.

So the card-table was brought forward, and the quartet sat down—Colonel Inglesby claiming his daughter-in-law as partner, and bidding Rose give them some music as accompaniment.

The girl obeyed, playing waltzes, galops, and the like, for some time; but at last the gay strains ceased, and, when her father looked up at the close of a hard-fought game, the piano-stool was vacant, and the musician gone.

Several days went by, and the tide of Northorpe society flowed in again upon the Inglesby family, receiving, indeed, an unusual impetus from Northorpe curiosity to see the beautiful young widow, concerning whom many good judges of beauty had already begun to rave.

"How does Rose like a rival so near the throne?" people asked each other, shrugging

their shoulders; but as yet nobody could say that Rose showed any signs of uneasiness or jealousy.

It was rather providential, from a social point of view, that, just in this languid summer weather, two sensations came to Northorpe at the same time—i. e., Mrs. Inglesby and Mr. Devereux.

According to the spirit of the gallant French proverb, we have given precedence to the lady; but the popular mind arranged the matter just the other way.

During these days Mr. Devereux was the theme of every visitor who came in state, or dropped in sociably at the Inglesby house.

"I am sick of his very name," Rose declared, passionately; while even her sister-in-law, who said nothing, began to look a little weary when the threadbare subject was again, and yet again, lugged to the front of conversation.

But Mrs. Inglesby did not weary of it, and seemed to feel as much interest as the rest of Northorpe in penetrating the shell of reserve which, provokingly enough, Mr. Devereux had seen fit to draw around himself. He mingled freely enough with men, but to ladies he was an enigma who deliberately avoided their society.

"Very pleasant fellow, indeed, but shy as a girl," was the verdict of all the gentlemen who had called on him and been received with courteous cordiality; but the invitations which society showered upon him had so far been persistently declined. It was of no use at all to worship the rising sun when he obstinately refused to let his rays shine upon them.

"Laurence Kennon would have done better than that," people said, indignantly; which was going very far indeed, since, as a general rule, Northorpe held Laurence Kennon in holy horror.

At last, however, relief came to the afflicted community.

A certain Mrs. Reynolds, who was the acknowledged leader of fashion in Northorpe, returned from a visit of some weeks in a neighboring town, and announced her intention of storming Mr. Devereux's castle in person.

"His mother was a dear friend of mine," said this lady—who belonged to that benevolent class who have "dear friends" in every direction—"and I mean to bring her son forward. It will never do to let him make a hermit of himself like this. Shy men need to be forced into society. I shall give a dinner next Thursday and take no denial with regard to his appearance."

This gratifying intelligence spread like wild-fire through society; and, when the invitations to dinner appeared in due form, it threw all dinner-going Northorpe into a twitter of excitement, for, knowing their leader, they knew well that the matter—the Devereux appearance, that is—was an accomplished fact.

It was during this momentous time that Mrs. Henry Inglesby (whom, to cut a troublesome title short, we shall hereafter call Alice) was alone one morning in her room, when there came a slight, hesitating knock at the door. When she said, "Come in," the door

slowly opened, and her mother-in-law stood on the threshold.

"Excuse me, my dear," she said, hurriedly, "but here is a note which I brought for you to read. I should not have disturbed you, only it must be answered at once."

She came in, and, closing the door behind her, extended an open note. Alice received it, and, glancing over the few lines which it contained, found that it was an invitation to the dinner, from Mrs. Reynolds, who had called on herself the preceding day.

"This is for you to decide," she said, after a minute. "My decision will depend entirely on yours. Do you mean to go?"

"My dear, that is exactly what I came to see you about," said Mrs. Inglesby, solemnly, whereupon she sat down and heaved a sigh. "Rose is the best girl in the world," she went on, "but she is very wilful sometimes—so wilful that neither her father nor myself can do any thing with her. You would scarcely believe that, for half an hour, I have been trying to induce her to accept this invitation, and that she absolutely declares she will not do so!"

She paused after this statement; but Alice's only reply was a slight arch of the eyebrows. She had been long enough in the Inglesby household to find no difficulty whatever about crediting the assertion.

"It is quite true," said Mrs. Inglesby, in reply to this little token of attention. "Now, for a particular reason, I am very anxious that she should accept it, and—and—but, my dear, I may speak to you in confidence, may I not? Well"—when Alice had assured her that she might—"the truth is, that a gentleman whom I desire very much that she should meet is to be at this dinner; and, if she does not go, she will lose the best opportunity of attracting his attention. Other girls will be there, you know; and, though Rose is the belle of Northorpe, still, my dear, there's nothing like being first in the field, especially when a young man is a stranger in a strange place."

"I suppose the gentleman is Mr. Devereux?" said Alice, who had not listened for nothing to all Northorpe's stream of conversation.

"Yes, it is Mr. Devereux," said Mrs. Inglesby, blushing a little. "But," she went on, hurriedly, "I must not let you think that it is only because he has inherited a fortune that I want Rose to attract him. He is a young man of whom everybody speaks well," said the mother, looking pathetically into the beautiful eyes bent on her. "He is steady and well-principled, and he would make a good husband for Rose; while, oh, my dear, my heart aches to think she may be led away to marry a man who is none of these things!"

"Let us hope not," said Alice, touched by the tone of these last few words. Then her voice grew quiet and indifferent again, as she added: "I suppose you mean that she may be led away to marry Mr. Kennon?"

"Yes, I mean that," said Mrs. Inglesby, too full of her subject to wonder at this knowledge of it in a stranger. "Rose seems infatuated about him, while he—my dear, I am confident that he is nothing but a fortune-hunter, who, because she is an heiress—my

fortune was all settled on her, you know—thinks he will be doing well to marry her."

"Some men who are fortune-hunters make tolerably good husbands," said Alice, in a cold, abstracted way.

"But this man is a wretch!" said Mrs. Inglesby, indignantly. "You have no idea what he is. Why, he acted so badly that his grandfather disinherited him, and left his estate to Mr. Devereux. And that man for my Rose! I—I had almost rather see her in her grave."

"Think twice about that," said Alice, quietly. "Every thing in the world leaves room for hope, excepting death, you know. I see your difficulty, and I appreciate your confidence. Tell me how I can help you, and I will do it."

In her own way, Mrs. Inglesby told her, and, after a good deal of questioning, Alice arrived at a knowledge of the service she was requested to render. In brief, it was this—that the invitation of Mrs. Reynolds should be accepted by herself, but that Mrs. Inglesby should decline going—an attack of rheumatism from which the colonel was suffering giving her a convenient excuse for remaining at home. In this case, Rose was placed in an awkward dilemma. Either she must be guilty of the rudeness of allowing her sister-in-law to make a first appearance in Northorpe society quite alone, or she must change her mind and accept the invitation. Alice having given her consent, Mrs. Inglesby went to place the matter before the young insurgent, and soon returned with a submission in due form. The invitation was, therefore, accepted; and, the principal points being settled, all other issues were allowed to rest until Thursday—the day of the dinner—should arrive.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## LADY SWEETAPPLE; OR, THREE TO ONE.

### CHAPTER XXXV.

#### THE WALKING-PARTY AT HIGH BEECH.

THAT walking-party at High Beech might have been described as a performance, as the play-bills say, by the whole strength of the company. Lord and Lady Pennyroyal went, and Sir Thomas and Lady Carlton, and Count Pantouffles and Lady Sweetapple, and the Barkers and the Marjorams, and Mr. Sonderling, and Harry and Edward, and Florry and Alice. It had been remarked by Mr. Beeswing that the only thing which ever moderated the rancor of Mrs. Marjoram was the presence of Lord Pennyroyal. She seemed to think that it was wrong to revile her husband before the face of his cousin the peer.

"If I were Marjoram," said Mr. Beeswing to Count Pantouffles, "I would always stay at Farthinghoe Castle or Rosemary Manor, for then I should have rest from trouble."

"It is very good to say stay," said Count Pantouffles, "but it is not so easy to stay with Lord Pennyroyal. Twice he has asked me, and twice he has put me off because he had a *pituite*, what you call a cold."

So they went along over the chase, under

the trees, now walking, now resting. Colonel Barker and his wife went arm-in-arm.

"It is so nice to walk with you, Jerry, over this springy turf."

"The pleasure is quite as great to me, dear," returned the gallant colonel.

"Mr. Sonderling," said Florry, "I want you to tell me the end of that story; that one, I mean, which you began before luncheon."

"I do not remember no story," said Mr. Sonderling, mindful of his oath.

"Let me have no stories," said Florry, "but come and tell me all you know about the demon."

"I dare not," said Mr. Sonderling; "I would not tell you for any thing."

"How silly you are!" said Florry; "you never know your own mind."

"Mr. Fortescue," said Lady Sweetapple, "do you still persist in defying me? Do you still stick to your Price?"

"I will never tell you," said Harry, "and I still defy you. I am ready to talk with you on any subject but that."

"Just like a man!" said Amicia—"always ready to talk on any subject but that which interests a woman more than any other." Then in a threatening voice: "Mr. Fortescue, I insist on knowing every thing about Miss Price!"

"You may insist as long as you like," said Harry, "but my lips shall never tell you any thing about that young lady."

"Then she is a young lady," said Amicia, eagerly; "the dark young lady in the background of whom the gypsy spoke."

"I say nothing about 'a dark young lady,' or a background," said Harry, fiercely, "but I will never speak to you about Miss Price."

"I have nearly learned all I wished to know," said Amicia, bitterly.

"You fancy you know a great deal, but you know really nothing," said Harry.

"We shall see," said Amicia. "Perhaps I know more about her than you think."

"You can know no harm of her," said Harry.

"That depends," said Amicia, tauntingly.

All this was said while they were walking apart, and while Florry was trying to coax Mr. Sonderling into telling her of his early relations with "Miss Smeeess." All the while Amicia kept her eye on her old admirer, and every now and then threw him a look which said as much as, "There's a good boy." Florry, on her side, looked hard enough and long enough at Harry; but he was so engaged in maintaining his position and defending Edith Price, that even Florry's looks were lost on him.

Then shortly a gathering together of the company into closer quarters, as they dived down into a narrow dell, hindered all familiar intercourse, and the conversation became more general.

"I should think there were truffles under these beeches in autumn," said Mr. Beeswing to Count Pantouffles.

"Truffles!" said the count, as if his heart were really touched. "Truffles! how delicious!—Do you track your truffles with dogs, as they do in Perigord, or with pigs, as in Poitou, Sir Thomas?"

"I never hunt them at all. I have often heard that there must be truffles here, but I don't care for them well enough to look for them."

"Not care for truffles!" said the count; "why, they are the delightfulest things in the world. *Dindon aux truffes, or truffes farcis au vin de Madère, O mon Dieu!*"

And then the count went off into an ecstasy of gluttony, and took off his hat and bowed to an imaginary goddess of truffles—a sylvan divinity, having her fans under wide-spreading beeches.

"What do you think of gluttony and drunkenness now, my dear?" said Mr. Marjoram to his wife, as he heard this rhapsody of the gastronomic count.

"I think them very disgusting, and I shall make you read that Homily again as soon as we get back to the house."

Here Mr. Marjoram fell to the rear, and was heard to utter the words, "O Lord!" as he left his wife's side.

Then, as they scattered again, Edward and Alice were left to themselves. They were the last to descend into that charming beechen dell, and the last to emerge from it. They say the course of true love never runs smooth, but theirs had run smoothly enough during these three days. This was what they had got to as they stood alone for a minute, under the brow of the dell:

"And do you love me very, very much?" said Alice.

"Very, very much indeed," said Edward; "more than any thing or any one in the world beside."

"Won't Harry be jealous of me for taking you away from him?" said Alice.

"Why should he?" said Edward.

"Perhaps I might be jealous of him," said Alice. "I am sure I shall if he comes between us."

"He will not, dearest," said Edward. And so they passed out of the dell into the sunshine, and made haste to overtake the others under a huge oak.

"Come here, Alice," said Florry; "I want you so much! Where have you been?"

"Not very far off," said Alice, blushing, "but always behind, so that you could not see us, though we were quite close to you—weren't we, Mr. Vernon?"

"Oh, yes," said Edward, "we were quite close to you; and, though you could not see us, we saw all you did."

"Then you saw me on a wild-geese chase," said Florry, "or, rather, on a tame-geese chase; for I was trying to get something out of that idiotic German, and, try what I would, I utterly failed."

"What was it you wanted to know?" asked Edward, chiefly intent at concealing the confusion of Alice.

"Oh," said Florry, "I wanted him to tell me all he knew about that odious woman. I mean, all he knew about her when she was Miss 'Smeeess,' as he calls her, at the College of the Deaf and Dumbs. But, though he was on the point of telling me before luncheon, I have not been able to get a word out of him since she carried him off into the conservatory, and fascinated him there and then."

As she said this, the three were standing apart from the rest, but still under the shade of the mighty tree, which was a worthy rival of King Edward's Oak. Whether Edward thought that for the present he had gone far enough with Alice, we cannot say; but he left her side and joined the knot of men who stood round Lord Pennyroyal, as he was discoursing on the necessity of landlords' invariably having wealthy tenants. To hear him speak, one would think the outgoings of his property left him no margin at all to live on. What with drainage, and repairs, and remissions of rent in bad seasons, and bad debts every year, he really could scarcely make both ends meet. He was not sure, next season, that he should not let his house in Grosvenor Square, and shut up Farthinghoe Castle, and live altogether in one wing of Rosemary Manor.

"It is these double establishments and treble households that ruin a man," he said. "If I did not save by many minor economies, I really should be obliged to take the benefit of the Bankruptcy Act, as, in fact, I see that several peers of the realm have been forced to do."

"What a good thing all this will be, some of these days, for Rosemary!" said Mr. Beeswing to Sir Thomas. "The only fear is that, when he gets his innings, he may make the money fly faster than is right."

"It will take a deal to ruin the Rosemary property," said Sir Thomas. "This man, who says he can't make both ends meet, has, besides his own immense estates, all in the highest state of cultivation, and without a shilling of debt, mortgages at his bankers' on landed estates in half the counties in England. In all probability, Lord Pennyroyal is at this moment, as he stands there under that oak, in *forma pauperis*, the very richest man in all England."

"Verily," said Count Pantouffles, "I should not have thought so by his clothes or his hat. You make me much astonished."

By this time most of the ladies voted they had had enough walking. It was one of those June afternoons when a little walking goes a very great way. It was proposed, therefore, that the ladies should return to the Hall, with any gentlemen who wished to go with them, while the rest went on with Sir Thomas and Lord Pennyroyal to inspect a field of sugar-beet, which had been planted as an experiment.

"I do not care for the betteraves," said Count Pantouffles; "I will go back with you."

And, so saying, he made one of his very best bows to Lady Carlton.

"We shall be very much obliged to you for your escort.—And who else will go back with us?"

"I, too," said Mr. Sonderling, "have weariness. As for the sugar-beet, I have often made his acquaintance in Schlesien and other places in Germany. By your leave, my lady, I will go back mit you."

"We shall be delighted, I am sure," said Lady Carlton.—"And who else is coming?"

"May I?" said Edward; "I am so tired!"

And, as he said this, he resumed guard at the side of Alice.

"Three come with us, then," said Lady Carlton, "and the rest go with Sir Thomas.—Right about face, ladies!" she said.

And then they all faced about, and walked slowly back to the Hall, through the heather and fern.

On the way back, Count Pantouffles devoted himself to Lady Pennyroyal, for whom his respect had much increased after Sir Thomas had made that emphatic declaration as to Lord Pennyroyal's wealth. What he said or did does not much matter. No doubt, he returned to the Hall quite as satisfied with himself as he had been when he left it; and, as for Lady Pennyroyal, she was too keen a judge of character not to make his exquisite coxcombry and transparent emptiness a special study.

Mrs. Barker and Mrs. Marjoram clung together and compared notes. The first hoped that Colonel Barker would not overwalk himself in the hot sun; and the other regretted that, on the whole, the conversation at High Beech was so unprofitable in a religious point of view.

"If it were not for those morning-prayers," she said, "High Beech would be little better than a heathen house."

Edward Vernon, of course—the sly fellow!—stayed with the ladies, not so much because he was tired as because he wished to be at the side of Alice. But on this occasion he was mistaken; for, whether it were that Lady Carlton thought he had paid quite enough attention to her daughter, and had remarked how they had lingered behind in the dell, certain it is that she called Edward Vernon to her, and made him walk by her side all the way to the Hall. Of course, he fretted and fumed, and champed and chewed, but he could not help it; and the end was, he had not one single word with Alice all the way back. Several times he caught himself saying, "What a fool I was not to go and see the sugar-beet! At any rate, then I should have been with Harry, and heard what he had to say."

It so happened, therefore, that the two sisters and their natural enemy, as Florry called her, were left to walk home together, and then it was that Lady Sweetapple thought she would make another *grand coup*. She was sure of Mr. Sonderling, and, with a few words in German, sent him off to attend on Mrs. Barker and Mrs. Marjoram, and with them he walked as long as there was any walking to be done.

Having dispatched him, Lady Sweetapple went up to Florry and Alice, who as usual were discussing her, and said:

"I am so glad, dear Miss Carltons—for I speak to both of you—to be able to say something that has been on my mind some time, and which I must beg you both to consider as strictly private and confidential. Will you promise me not to breathe a word of what I am going to tell you to any other human being?"

"What shall we say, Florry?" said Alice, in great alarm, for she thought something dreadful was coming out about Edward Vernon.

"I sha'n't make any promise till I hear what it is," said Florry, very illogically and not very graciously.

"Then, my dear Miss Carlton," said Amicia, "I sha'n't say it at all. I can assure you it will be your own loss."

This was too tantalizing even for Florry's good resolutions.

"I think I should like to hear it," she said, "only perhaps it isn't a secret at all."

"I am quite willing to agree to these terms," said Amicia, very sweetly. "If what I tell you is no secret, I will give you both leave to tell it as soon as you hear it."

"Nothing can be fairer than that," said Alice.

"Why, you goose!" said Florry. "If we know it already, and it's no secret, of course we can talk about it—even Lady Sweetapple can't prevent that. She can't cut out our tongues;" and, as she said this, she gave Amicia a look as if she would very much have liked to cut her tongue out.

"Will you hear what I have to say?" said Amicia, with the most provoking indifference both to Florry's looks and words.

"Yes," said Florry.

"What I wish to say is something which may concern you, Miss Carlton; but, at any rate, it is of moment to all Mr. Fortescue's friends, of whom I think I am not wrong in believing you to be one."

"Indeed!" said Florry.

"Mr. Fortescue!" said Alice, rather relieved to think that Lady Sweetapple was not going to say any thing about Edward Vernon.

"You may not be aware, Miss Carlton," said Amicia, "that Mr. Fortescue is paying attention to another young lady."

"I don't believe it," said Florry, "if you mean by 'attention' that he is in love or engaged to any young lady. I have seen him pay attention to many people, who certainly do not deserve that he should think of them for a moment."

"Quite true," said Amicia, not caring to notice the sting against herself conveyed in Florry's words, "and it is just because I have reason to think that this young lady is not worthy of Mr. Fortescue's notice that I speak to you now, in all friendliness, in the way of warning."

"Why of warning?" asked Florry.

"Because, my dear Miss Carlton, if a young man is proved to be entangled with people beneath him in position and in other respects, he is no longer a fit object for the consideration of those of his own rank."

"I don't understand you," said Alice.

"Perhaps not, my dear," said Amicia. "It is just as well you should not entirely understand me; but, if you both understand me enough to be warned against young men whose conduct does not entitle them to respect, I shall have gained my purpose."

"What is the name of this young lady who is so much below Mr. Fortescue in position, and with whom he is supposed to be in some way or other entangled?" asked Florry.

"I can tell you even that," said Amicia, "and my being able to do so is the best proof I can give you that I have not spoken



lightly on this very serious subject. Her name is Price."

"Nothing else but Price?" asked Florry. "Even persons of inferior social position must have Christian names."

"Edith," said Amicia, slowly—"Edith Price."

"Where does she live?"

"In London, at No. — Lupus Street, Pimlico," said Amicia.

"Lupus Street? I never heard of such a street," said Florry.

"Your never having heard of it, my dear Miss Carlton, is no proof that it does not exist. You never heard of Miss Edith Price, but there is, unfortunately, no doubt of her existence. As little doubt is there that she lives at No. — Lupus Street, and that Mr. Fortescue corresponds with her."

"How do you know that?" asked Florry, fiercely, who for the first time began to think the matter serious.

"I am not at liberty to tell you as much as that," said Lady Sweetapple, "but you may rely on what I say to be the truth. Mr. Fortescue corresponds with Miss Edith Price at No. — Lupus Street."

"And if he does?" said the ingenuous Alice. "If he does, what harm is there in that?"

"I dare say she's some begging-letter impostor," said Florry, "that Harry—I mean Mr. Fortescue—has written to once in answer to one of her applications, and out of that one letter all this 'fuss' has arisen."

"Well," said Amicia, "fuss or not, the fact is as I say: letters pass between Mr. Fortescue and Miss Edith Price, and I have every reason to believe that the relations which exist between them are not those which are commonly found between begging impostors and their victims."

"Depend upon it," said Florry, rather to herself than to the rest of the trio, "Mr. Fortescue is not the man to do any thing mean or underhand, and so I am sure all this mystification about Miss Edith Price will be cleared up."

"I sincerely hope so, with all my heart," said Amicia, demurely. "But I own I am not so sure in my own mind that this affair is capable of a satisfactory explanation."

"I quite agree with my sister," said Alice. "I am sure Mr. Vernon would never be bosom friends with a man who did any thing disgraceful."

"We shall see, all of us, some day," said Amicia, oracularly.

"Yes," said Florry, "I suppose we shall; and then we shall see that all this scandal about Mr. Fortescue is mere invention."

"Invention or not," said Lady Sweetapple, "both of you young ladies must consider what I have said as strictly private and confidential, and on no account breathe a word of this sad subject to any human being. Remember, I hold you both to your promise. You cannot say that what I have told you is no secret."

By this time they were near the Hall; and the three, who had lagged behind, walked the rest of the way in silence, musing as they went. It must be admitted that Amicia had played her stroke very cleverly. All she wanted was time. If she could carry Harry

Fortescue away to Ascot, before he had made any declaration of his intentions to Florry, she thought she would be safe. She had confidence in herself, when she had a fair field and no favor. She thought the best, and, in fact, the only way, was to throw a coldness between the two, and this would be brought about by telling Florry the story about Edith Price, and yet forbidding her to mention it. You will say she was a very wicked woman; but you must remember, all of you, that Amicia was quite in the dark as to the relations between Edith Price and Harry Fortescue. Even you as yet scarce know what they precisely were, but she was as ignorant of them as either Florry or Alice. All she knew was, that Mr. Beeswing's valet had said that Mr. Fortescue was engaged to, or in love with, Miss Edith Price, and that Harry had written that unhappy letter, the destruction of which had caused such trouble to poor Edith, and had also led to the loss of Mrs. Nicholson's "bank." She was not, therefore, so very inexcusable, though no doubt her main object in speaking as she did was, if possible, to carry off Mr. Fortescue for herself. If she could once get him alone and away from High Beech, she was quite ready to snap her fingers at Miss Edith Price, and to let her do her worst. Amicia, therefore, thought she was quite justified in what she did, and she was also—what, indeed, some ladies think much more important than justification—she was quite satisfied with herself.

It cannot be said that Florry Carlton was quite so satisfied—she never would believe any thing wrong about Harry, "her own Harry," as she called him in her heart; but still she could not help wishing that this nasty story about Miss Edith Price had never been told her.

"And she seems to know it all, chapter and verse;" that was another of the thoughts that passed through her mind. "I wonder how she heard it?" So Florry went on musing as she walked.

Alice Carlton was not quite so satisfied as Amicia, but she was not in the same perplexity as poor Florry. She sympathized with every thing that touched her sister, and, as she knew Florry was very fond of Harry, she felt for her when Lady Sweetapple was poisoning their ears with her insinuations against Harry's character. But, after all, in all the selfishness of her love for Edward Vernon, "the great thing," she said to herself, "is that no one can say a word against Edward. His character is above all suspicion." She had just arrived at this comfortable conclusion as they entered the Hall.

"Any letters for any one by the second post?" said Florry.

This brought them to the table, where the post-office, or china dish, lay; for in that dish, as you know, the letters for the post were put, and by its side, on the table, the letters that came by the second post were laid.

"No letters for any one," said Alice, "except mamma, papa, and Lord Pennyroyal. They always have letters."

Then she glanced at the letters in the dish, and there she saw a letter, in Edward Vernon's handwriting, addressed to "Miss Edith

Price, No. — Lupus Street, Pimlico, London, S. W."

"What is it, dear?" said Florry, as Alice clutched her and gave a start, which also attracted the attention of Lady Sweetapple. So they all three looked at the dish at once, and saw the fatal address.

"Miss Edith Price, No. — Lupus Street, Pimlico. Just as I told you, my dears," said Lady Sweetapple. "Only it seems that Miss Edith Price is even more dangerous than I thought her. She is a young lady, it seems, who corresponds with two young gentlemen at once."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## ANGELICA KAUFMANN.

BY ELISE FOLKO.

AMONG the figures of our celebrated German women, there is one especially toward which our eyes and our hearts are irresistibly drawn—a figure adorned with every feminine charm.

The Dresden Gallery shows us the portrait of a woman robed in a white, gauze-like stuff, with a long veil thrown over her blond hair, and a face, the delicate features of which are animated by that spirituality which outlives mere physical beauty, and is more prized than all the charms of form and color. Her blue eyes gaze with a soulful but melancholy expression at the visitor; the look is one of those we never forget—one that suggests a thousand thoughts and questions concerning the strangest of enigmas, called the female heart. This charming woman was Germany's greatest female painter, Angelica Kaufmann.

The painter, Joseph Kaufmann, lived at Schwarzenberg, on Lake Constance, with a beloved wife, who, on the 30th of October, 1741, bore him a daughter, the blond Maria Angelica. Two years later they removed to Morbigny.

The child occupied both father and mother almost exclusively. Kaufmann often neglected his art during the best hours of the day, to romp with his little daughter, or to cut playthings for her out of wood. No sound was so sweet to him as her childish prattle and joyous laugh; and the mother often took her to a neighboring aunt, in order that her husband should not "dawdle away so much time," and should make some progress with his work.

But Angelica betrayed such a longing after her father, that it was decided to separate them as little as possible. Now the studio of the painter became indeed the abode of his greatest joys. Frau Anna sat with her work at one of the windows, or was occupied in the adjoining kitchen, while Angelica played about her father's easel, asked innumerable questions, and was the only sunshine whose rays did not interfere with the artist at his work. But very soon Angelica became deeply interested in what her father was painting, and keenly sensitive to the charms of color. She would stand by the hour on a chair near the easel, and watch, with eager eyes, every stroke of her father's pencil.

Later her mother taught her to read and

her father to write; but her progress in the latter art was much the more rapid. It was now that Kaufmann made a discovery that filled him with delight. He was in the habit of ornamenting the copies for his little pupil with a great variety of flourishes and arabesques. Angelica copied these as correctly and rapidly as she did the letters. As soon as she had finished one copy, she would clamor for another. Gradually Kaufmann made the embellishments more difficult, but Angelica copied them with the greatest ease. By-and-by she copied small engravings—at first with the pen, and then in crayon.

But the mother wished to have her share in the education of their gifted daughter. Being of a musical family, she exerted herself to awaken in her only child a taste for her favorite art. She sang simple ballads to Angelica, accompanying herself on the harp, and soon had the pleasure of discovering in her little auditor not only a decided natural love for music, but also a wonderful memory for musical sounds, and a remarkably sweet voice. Both parents now exerted themselves—the mother being assisted by a cousin, who was a professional musician—to cultivate these talents as thoroughly as possible, and for a time it seemed doubtful which of the two child possessed in the higher degree. The mother dreamed of her daughter's triumphs as a great singer; but Angelica hung with her whole soul on her father, and found her chief delight in forms and colors.

In her twelfth year, at Como, where the Kaufmanns had taken up their residence, Angelica painted her first portrait that attracted public attention. It was that of the Bishop of Como. His eminence was so delighted with the little artist, that he had her brought to him frequently, made her rich presents, and finally recommended her and her father to the Duke of Modena, in Milan, where a new world appeared to Angelica's delighted gaze. The churches and palaces of the city contained innumerable works of the Lombard school of painters. These masterpieces Angelica copied with untiring industry. Her delicate, graceful figure and extreme youth soon attracted the attention of the visitors to the galleries; the extraordinary talent of the child became a subject of universal comment; her easel was besieged; and one of the greatest beauties of Milan, the famous Duchess of Carrara, was the first to indulge in the caprice of being painted by the youthful prodigy. No sooner was the portrait of the duchess finished and was decided to be a great success, than many of the first ladies of Milan followed her example.

In Milan she had the misfortune to lose her mother; this was her first great grief, which was doubled by witnessing the uncontrollable sorrow of her beloved father. Beside the grave of her mother Angelica resolved never to leave her father—to live for him alone. Then she persuaded him to quit Milan, and return to the picturesque scenes of his early wedded life, on the verdant shores of the Lake of Como.

They took up their residence in Schwarzenberg, and undertook the decoration of the parish church. Kaufmann painted the ceiling, while Angelica devoted herself to the walls, on

which she represented the twelve apostles. In this quiet but busy life the bereaved painter found consolation. It was a charming life that the father and daughter led on the shore of the lake, in full view of the majestic Alps. Their mornings were devoted to their task, and in the afternoon, when the weather was favorable, they made excursions into the surrounding country. In the evening, Angelica sang her ballads, accompanying herself on the harp; and if sometimes her voice trembled with emotion, and her solitary auditor in his arm-chair at the window could not restrain his tears as he listened to an air that reminded him of a voice forever hushed, still they seemed resigned to their loss.

Late in the autumn of 1787, father and daughter returned to Milan, where they remained but a short time, however, and then repaired to Florence, the guardian of the greatest treasures in the world of art. Here Angelica's pencil made such rapid strides in ease, grace, and brilliancy, that she soon became the pride and delight of all Florence. The copies she occasionally placed on exhibition commanded universal admiration. They not only found purchasers, but also procured her the flattering commission to paint her own portrait for the gallery of one hundred portraits of celebrated artists. In Florence some of her friends endeavored to persuade her to devote herself to music. They thought her health would be less endangered by this calling than by that of painting, but she persistently refused to listen to them, and, to escape their importunities, she left Florence and followed her father to Rome. There the object of her secret longings was attained. The learned Johannes Winckelmann, who at that time was living in Rome, took the liveliest interest in Angelica, not less, perhaps, on account of the charms of her person than of her brilliant talents and surprising industry. Her friendly intercourse with this distinguished man contributed largely to advance her in her art as well as in general knowledge. Through his influence she was introduced into the best circles of the Eternal City. Unfortunately, her intercourse with Winckelmann was of short duration, as she accepted a commission to copy several pictures in the Royal Gallery of Naples, where, besides the copies, she painted a goodly number of portraits, which were the means of making her acquainted with some of the most distinguished foreigners in the city, particularly of the English. She was loaded with praise and with presents, and her studio was besieged by connoisseurs, who gave her commission after commission, and paid the highest prices for her pictures. Finally, she was persuaded to go to England, where the most brilliant inducements were offered her.

In the spring of 1786, yielding to the advice of her father and of her master, she set out for London, under the protection of an amiable lady of the English aristocracy, Lady Wentworth, to whose influence she was indebted for her first commissions. The Princess of Brunswick sat for her, and the mother of the king honored her with a visit at her studio; and so numerous were the commissions the youthful artist received, that it was with difficulty she was able to

execute them. Her letters to her father, who was detained in Rome, despite her longing to have him with her, were joyous and breathed an air of content. She very soon saw herself in an enviable position; she painted rapidly, finished as her pictures were, and consequently gained very considerable sums of money. At the same time she saw herself a favorite in those circles which of all others afforded her the greatest enjoyment. Her youthful grace, sweet voice, and genius for the fine arts, rendered the name of Angelica Kaufmann one of the most beloved in England. The most celebrated painter of England, Sir Joshua Reynolds, exerted himself zealously to win her favor, and finally offered her his hand; but Angelica did not accept it. She could not bring herself to think of a separation from her father, or reconcile herself to the thought of being compelled, for the rest of her life, to breathe the air of foggy Britain, and finally her proud suitor failed to win her heart.

And yet she was destined to learn what it is to love—that two eyes may become for us the only eyes in the world.

In the aristocratic circles in which she moved, she had frequently met a young man, who was presented to her as Count Horn, from Sweden. Among all her acquaintance he was distinguished for the elegance of his manners and his manly beauty; his whole bearing, indeed, was that of a cultivated man of the aristocratic world. A tinge of thoughtful melancholy in the demeanor of her new admirer tended to heighten the favorable impression he made on the inflammable fancy of the youthful artist, nor was it long until her heart became deeply interested. Angelica received the homage of the count with a sort of ecstatic unrest that did not escape the observation of her aristocratic friends, who deemed such a union very advantageous for their protégée. Every effort was used to bring it about; the lovers saw each other almost daily in one or another of the houses of their friends, when the count was all devotion to the fascinating Angelica. He seemed to have eyes only for her graceful figure, her profusion of blond hair, and angelic features.

He often visited her in her richly-furnished studio, ostensibly to see her paint, and these hours had for both of them an inexpressible charm. Seated in an arm-chair, near the half-curtained window, he would watch her every movement. How charming she was before her easel, how beautiful her arm and hand, how noble and spiritual the expression of her features as she would now and then turn her head toward him when replying to his questions! Never was she happier in her creations, never did her pencil come nearer realizing her conceptions than in those hours. Then she seemed inspired as never before—she seemed to live and breathe in a world that till then had been unknown to her.

In spite of this great revolution, she awaited, with the utmost impatience, the coming of her father. "You will find your daughter much changed," she wrote, "but the change is one that I trust will please you. I have never worked with so much facility or to so much purpose. Come and

see if my last pictures do not please you. They look to me as though they alone were warmed by the rays of a southern sun; all my earlier pictures appear to me sombre and cold. Come and see how my colors please you now."

When he came he found his child more beautiful and brilliant than ever, and was greatly astonished at the wonderful progress she had made in her art. He was, however, quick to discover the cause of this astonishing change in Angelica's entire being—that magician who, of all others, performs the greatest miracles; who makes a paradise of a desert waste, and transforms the poorest pebble into the richest diamond. The father's eye soon saw that love had taken possession of the purest and truest heart in the world. This discovery filled him with consternation; he thought he had good grounds to fear for the future of his darling.

The young count did not inspire him with confidence; there was, on the contrary, something in his manner and bearing that excited his suspicions. Ah! how happy would he have been had his daughter's choice fallen on his distinguished colleague, Sir Joshua Reynolds! He ventured more than once to intimate as much to Angelica, but when did true love ever listen to the voice of warning, no matter whose it was? And is not confidence—that confidence that nothing can shake—the most beautiful flower in the lap of Cupid? But it was too late for warnings to be of any avail, for, before Kaufmann arrived from Italy, the momentous question had been asked and answered; and if the count deferred from day to day and from week to week to address the father on the subject of the contemplated union and to make the betrothal public, his delay was a source of anxiety to the father only, not to the daughter. She was sure he loved her, and with that she was content.

One day the count came to her at an unusual hour, pale and trembling. It was a strange story he told her. He said he was a refugee from the Swedish court, from which he had fled to escape the importunities of a princess, who, madly in love with him, wished, by means of amorganatic marriage, to make him her slave. He pictured to her his despair and his repugnance to such a union with all the sophistry of passion and all the eloquence of love, and ended by entreating her to consent to a secret marriage, which would frustrate the plans of the Swedish court, which had already wellnigh driven him to madness. "But no one—not a soul—must know of it; the eyes and ears of my enemies are watchful," he added; "it is only when the incomparable Angelica is my wife that I can defy my persecutors. Then I shall be strong and courageous; then I shall have no fear of our ever being separated. If, however, my intentions are discovered, then the dungeon and death await me. Now you know, dearest, why I have hesitated to make our betrothal public. My fate lies in your hands. What I ask from you is the most profound secrecy; that you shall acquaint no one—not even your father—of our intentions. As soon as we are married there will be no further need of concealment, for then no

power on earth will be able to separate us."

Did she hesitate? Would she have hesitated had he asked her to sacrifice her life for him? She consented to everything. And on the day of their marriage, when the count, just at twilight, in the vestry of St. Dunstan's Church, placed a myrtle-wreath on her brow, she thought that the lips that kissed away her tears and called her a thousand sweet names, would never be less dear to her.

But now came a sudden interruption.

Without, there was a rattling of carriage-wheels, and, a few moments later, the narrow passage leading to the church-vestry is filled with a very aristocratic assemblage.

At first came a little, nervous lady, the Duchess of Queensberry, Angelica's most zealous patron; then Miss Chudleigh and Lady Wentworth. These ladies were followed by an elderly, distinguished-looking man, leaning on the arm of the elegant Horace Walpole. Sir Joshua Reynolds, with his dark-green glasses, pressed nervously forward, and the Margrave of Anspach, swinging his riding-whip, brought up the rear.

The old gentleman stepped quickly toward the young couple. "Where is this Count Goeran Horn, who marries here this evening? I, his father, have a right to inquire!" cries the old count.

The new-married man stared at the old gentleman a moment, and then, seizing Angelica by the arm, hurried with her out of the church. A moment later a coach was heard to drive away at full speed.

"That is not my son!" cried the old man; "but I certainly have seen the man before. Ho, Eric!" he called out to his servant, "who was this fellow?"

"That was Christiern, sir, that used to be your lordship's valet," replied the servant; "and Heaven only knows what would have become of his wife and three children in Stockholm if you had not taken pity on them, sir!"

Angelica—the pure, noble, unsuspecting Angelica—was the dupe of an impostor, as Sir Joshua had at the last moment discovered.

"We must follow them!" cried the impetuous margrave.

The gentlemen mounted their horses or entered their carriages in order to follow the deceiver and wrest from him his prey; several days, however, elapsed before they succeeded, when they found the objects of their search in an obscure inn in Richmond.

Angelica was completely overcome when she learned to what a wretch she was united. A sum of money induced him to relinquish his claims, and justice soon overtook him. He was arrested and transported for theft.

The unfortunate marriage was soon declared void by the courts, after which Angelica went to Ireland, where she lived for a time in the strictest seclusion, until she had so far recovered her self-command as to be able to seek consolation in the exercise of the art she loved.

And she found it. Grief wrought as great a change for the better in the creations of her pencil as love had done. She now enlarged her artistic field, and painted some

historical subjects with marked success. From this time forth labor, unremitting labor, and the care of her infirm father, absorbed her entire time.

About six hundred of Angelica Kaufmann's pictures have been engraved. Her portraits are remarkable for their poetic beauty and warmth of coloring; her historic paintings, although possessing great merit, are wanting in vigor.

She remained fifteen years in England, where she was greatly honored and not less beloved; but the original Angelica died on the day she learned of the perfidy of her first and only love.

Angelica could never bring herself to see Sir Joshua again, often as he endeavored to renew their intercourse, and when she once saw him approaching in the distance she fainted.

The name of her destroyer never passed her lips; nor was he ever mentioned in her presence, not even by her father. To all who had known her she seemed grave and silent, while her faultless features wore a melancholy expression that touched every heart.

Finally, when she had nearly reached her fortieth year, in accordance with the earnest desire of her father, whose strength began visibly to fail, she accepted the hand of the generous-hearted Zucchi, a painter of considerable merit, who had long been sincerely attached to her. This union might have been likened to a beautiful autumn day.

And now with her husband and her father she returned to Italy. At first they took up their residence in Florence, where Angelica was received like a princess, but here she lost her beloved father. This was a very severe blow, and so seriously did it affect her that Zucchi deemed it advisable to quit Florence and go to Naples. Here she met with another very flattering reception. The queen gave her commissions for several pictures, and even offered her a position at court, which Angelica, however, could not be prevailed on to accept. Great as were the inducements to remain in Naples, Angelica nevertheless decided to locate permanently in Rome, where the house of the Zucchis soon became one of the most frequented.

Every one distinguished in the world of literature or art, whether a permanent resident or a temporary sojourner in Rome, sought and found here a reception. The most distinguished artists, and the most gifted beginners, worshipped at the shrine of the amiable hostess, and delighted in the conversation of the ever-cheerful host. Angelica's salons were frequently the scene of musical reunions, and occasionally she would sing some of those sweet little ballads she learned from her mother, and nothing could be more charming than were the simplicity and grace of her execution.

In the year 1795 she experienced the last great grief of her life; in the autumn of this year Zucchi died. Angelica mourned his loss very deeply. She now, in her loneliness, became impatient and restless, and, in search of consolation and peace, revisited Bologna, Milan, Venice, Como, and Florence, but she returned home weary and scarcely less resigned than before her journey.



Old griefs were reawakened, and melancholy recollections again showed their ugly heads. She was not constituted to live alone—hers was one of those intertwining, truly feminine natures that feel the necessity of having a manly bosom to repose on, and a strong arm to encircle them. She continued to paint as industriously as ever, but her joyousness and enthusiasm were gone.

"It seems to me the light is no longer what it used to be," she would often say; "the evening draws nigh." A disease of the chest, from which she had long suffered, more or less finally robbed her of the strength to work. Johannes Kaufmann, a young relation, was with her during the last months of her life. She loved to have him read to her, or to listen to the sympathetic tones of his violin. Of her approaching death she spoke rarely, but she had Johannes read only serious poems, and play only solemn airs.

And so her last hour neared. On the 5th of November, 1807, the soul of Germany's greatest female painter took its flight so silently and peacefully that the voice which read to her Klopstock's ode, "Arise, O arise!" did not pause until it uttered the last word, which she heard in another and brighter world.

## WISTARIA.

NO lover of Nature, no lover, at least, of floral beauty, can behold unmoved the pendulous clusters of delicious lilac-colored flowers, which, clinging to lattice-work, trailing on garden-walls, or twining round protecting trunks of ancient trees, have been the glory of garden and lawn for the last few weeks.

The Wistaria, whose praise we celebrate, is an imported treasure, which found its original home in the distant land of China, and is therefore appropriately named the Chinese Wistaria. It received its generic name in memory of Dr. Casper Wistar, a distinguished botanist of Philadelphia. The vine is too well known to need description. The stem is of rapid growth, reaching the height of twelve feet or more. The leaves, which appear after the flowers, have a tender color and a silky pubescence. The flowers grow in terminal racemes, which, nodding gracefully, bend gently down with the rich weight of their loosely-hanging, many-flowered clusters. The color of the corolla is a superb lilac, deliciously shaded, from an almost transparent white, to the full perfection of tone and tint. The form of the corolla is called papilionaceous by botanists, or butterfly-shaped, in more familiar language; for each separate corol of the countless millions now in blossom bears its wonderful likeness to the short-lived insect which is the symbol of brilliant coloring and airy lightness in the animal kingdom.

But it is to the wondrous wealth of floral productiveness in this plant that we wish to call attention. The flowering is oppressive in its luxuriance; the slender stems are exhausted by the treasures they pour out with such lavish profusion; and it is only on alternate years that they display the prodigality which it is such pleasure to watch in development from tiny bud to perfected blossom.

No rural pleasure is more agreeable at this season than, when driving or walking about the suburbs of the city, to note the varied forms in which the skill of the gardener has marked out a path for the pliant vine. Sometimes it is a brick-colored background, on which the richly-colored clusters grow in grateful luxuriance, or else the vine, creeping along the edge of a piazza or porch, throws down its pendulous racemes in graceful loveliness. Sometimes it climbs on a lattice trained on neutral brown, or a white background brings out its purity of color. Sometimes it winds its way along garden-walls, or twines carelessly around pillared arches, or embraces lovingly trunks of protecting trees. On rare occasions the vine is trained in forms of artistic beauty worthy to be immortalized in oil or water color. In one of these rare combinations of Nature and art the growth of years has massed the twining stems around each other and the supporting tree-trunk until, in the fruition of floral wealth, the drooping blossoms, as they bend gracefully over, apparently descending, suggest a fountain of liquid amethyst. The beauty of the vine is heightened in another locality, while its loveliness is partially hidden in contrast with a showy laburnum in the perfection of golden glory. We can think of no prettier floral picture than this "burning bush" of liquid gold, the gay blossoms dancing and shimmering in the morning sunlight, and swayed lightly by the summer breeze, now concealing, now revealing the softer charms of its neighbor and relative. It is hard to decide on which of the graceful beauties to bestow the palm. Shall we crown the stately laburnum, glittering with gold, like the shower Jupiter threw over Danae, or shall we honor the Wistaria, drooping from the lattice, and, with clinging fondness and more tender coloring, exemplifying the gentler graces?

Poets have not sung the praises of this graceful vine; musicians have not tuned stringed instruments to do homage to its loveliness; and "The Language of Flowers" has not recorded its teachings. But a more charming poem was never written than that whose verses may be read on every pendent cluster of flowers; sweeter music was never heard than the hum of the bees as they flit over the butterfly-shaped corollas; and nobler language was never uttered than that associated with its hue of amethyst, "Love" and "Truth."

EMMA M. CONVERSE.

## CRYPTOGRAPHY.

SOME years ago, a number of curious-looking paragraphs appeared from time to time in a certain daily paper of London. These paragraphs were placed with the advertisements, but were evidently not intended for the benefit of the public, for they presented an appearance similar to this:

*Illozormez.—r zirewe xy sluv lm gvu vevm-ent ln gvu hvzlmw wzb zugvi r oevy Olmelm. R zm jfgrv deoo zmw zcv mlgmrnd mvd gl iv-klig.*

*Zh gerh rh gvu lmbd dzb r zzm zlnnfmrzzyv*

*drya blf, nb onggvhl droo mvzvlhziroß yv evib helig. Blf nzb oltp uli smlgwi hziak hltn.*

*Blfi Qmwh.*

Such a paragraph might readily be mistaken, at first sight, for a composition in some barbarous language; but a closer inspection shows so many unpronounceable words that its real character becomes apparent. It is a cryptogram—a writing in cipher. The words themselves are really in just the same language as the line I am writing, but an interchange of the alphabetic characters has been effected, so that the real sounds the letters are intended to represent are known only to those who possess the key.

The majority of readers doubtless gained but little information from the mysterious notices in question. There was, however, at least one exception. An ingenious gentleman, possessed of some curiosity and considerable patience, resolved to ferret out the secret. He succeeded by adopting the method which I now undertake to explain.

The most cursory glance at a page of printed matter will show that, in the formation of the words of which it is composed, certain letters of the alphabet occur more frequently than others. This proportional occurrence is, within certain limits, always the same—that is, any number of pages, selected at random, will present great similarity in this respect.

In a newspaper article, or a social letter on any ordinary topic, the occurrence of the letters of the alphabet is in close approximation to the following table:†

e 1,000	i 475	d 185	g 85
t 665	h 365	m 140	b 60
n 505	l 270	f 130	v 60
s 495	c 260	p 130	k 20
a 490	r 260	w 130	q 8
o 480	u 185	y 100	j 7
	x 6		

It will also be observed that the definite article *the* is a frequently-recurring word in English composition.

Taking this as a starting-point, we examine the cryptogram given above for a combination of letters that may represent the word *the*. We find the cipher *gv* occurring three times. We infer that this cipher means *the*, and our supposition is further strengthened when we learn that the character *v* occurs more frequently in the cryptogram than any other; for, by reference to the table of proportion above, it will be seen that the character so occurring can safely be taken to mean *e*. If we are correct so far—

represents  $\begin{matrix} g & s & v \\ t & h & e \end{matrix}$

—and we have deciphered three characters. A thorough analysis of the cryptogram, and an application of the law of proportion, could not fail to discover the proper equivalents for all, or at least for enough of them to show its meaning.

This would be the usual way of proceeding; but our student solved the enigma in

\* This table, as may readily be supposed, holds good only for our own language; but a similar one can, of course, be constructed for each individual tongue.

even an easier way, at least in one instance, and that one his first trial. After selecting *gov* as the representative of *the*, he was struck with the fact that the letters of the two words were in an alphabetical procession exactly opposite each other. Might not the cipher be simply a regular inversion of the alphabet?—thus:

A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J
z	y	x	w	v	u	t	s	r	q
K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T
p	o	n	m	l	k	j	i	h	g
U	V	W	X	Y	Z				
f	e	d	c	b	a				

This key was tried, and unlocked the cryptogram he was at work on.

Applying it to the one given as an illus-

of the writer's own invention are generally substituted for those of the usual alphabet. This gives a look of greater impenetrability to the manuscript, but, as will be perceived, the secret is no more safe when written in a cabalistic character than when a transposition of the ordinary letters is employed. The law of proportion operates precisely alike in either case.

It would seem unfortunate if there was no possibility of constructing an undecipherable cryptogram. In many cases it is highly desirable and important to make records or communications which shall remain dead letters to all but their proper owners. Particularly in time of war is cryptography a valuable art. It is possible that its importance in this respect may have led to

the first left-hand perpendicular column of letters. Following the line from *j* downward and from *w* horizontally to the right, we find, at the intersection or angle formed, the letter *g*. This letter *g* is now written down as the first character of the sentence to be formed in the cipher. We must then, in like manner, find the angle produced by the intersection of the lines *a* and *e*, select the letter found there as the next character to be used; then, for *m* and *a*, *e* and *r*, and so on to the end of the sentence, which will then stand thus:

Gf nwx bfnir xpi  
We are ready now

An examination of this line shows that *e* is represented, first by *f*, then by *x*, and then again by *f*. *R* is represented, once by *w*, and then by *s*. So, if even a character is discovered to mean one thing in a given word, it will usually mean something entirely different in the next one. This method of writing appears to be fully entitled to the name which has been given to it.

Deciphering the cryptogram is accomplished by applying the key-word as in writing, and reversing the process.

An alphabet of characters of the writer's own devising may be substituted for the Roman letters in using the *chiffre indéchiffrable*. The result will, of course, be the same.

The principle of the foregoing system may be applied in a modified form by employing not less than two—better three or four—complete sets of characters at the same time, and then writing in the usual alphabetic way. For example, let *a* be represented by a cross, a circle, or a square, at pleasure; then, in the first word in which *a* occurs, use the cross, in the second the circle, and so on. Each letter of the alphabet being represented by a similar plurality of characters, this method would render inoperative, at least to a great extent, the telltale law of alphabetic proportion. Though not so absolutely secure as the "undecipherable cipher," it might be found a desirable substitute, except in cryptograms of the gravest importance.

JOHN H. SNIVELY

## A COURT-BALL IN EGYPT.

BY LOUISE MÜHLBACH.

WHILE I was in Alexandria, Prince Mohammed Tewfik Pacha, the crown-prince, the eldest son of the khédive, gave a ball at his palace, and my daughter and I had an invitation to it, through our consul-general.

My daughter's wardrobe was not suitable for such an occasion, and we had to hurry very much to get her dress made. But in Alexandria there are excellent shops, and if you are willing to pay about as much for what you want, as you would in Berlin, you can get things equally as good, even to the smallest articles.

tration at the head of this article, we have the following result:

Rosalinda,—I arrived at home on the evening of the second day after I left London. I am quite well, and have nothing new to report.

As this is the only way I can communicate with you, my letters will necessarily be very short. You may look for another scrap soon.

Your James.

This is an illustration of the character of the cryptograms mentioned at the commencement of this paper. They were all personal notices, intended only for the information of those immediately interested.

Some were written by transposing the alphabet in still other forms, but the deciphering was as readily accomplished in one case as another, by the means I have described.

When a cryptogram is only to be written, and is not intended for the printer, characters

the invention of what the French term the *chiffre indéchiffrable*—the undecipherable cipher.

This cipher is a very troublesome thing to use, but it compensates for the trouble by the security it affords.

Both the writer and the reader who would use the "undecipherable cipher" must possess a diagram like the above.

A key-word is agreed on, which is to be known only to the parties interested. The cryptogram is then constructed in this way:

Suppose the key-word to be "James," and the sentence to be written, "We are ready now." The sentence being set down in plain English, the key-word is placed over it thus:

J a m e s J a m e s J a m  
W e a r e r e a d y n o w

The first letter of the first line, it will be seen, is *j*, the letter immediately underneath being *w*. Turning to the diagram just given, we find *j* in the top horizontal line, and *w* in

a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j	k	l	m	n	o	p	q	r	s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z
b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j	k	l	m	n	o	p	q	r	s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z	a
c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j	k	l	m	n	o	p	q	r	s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z	a	b
d	e	f	g	h	i	j	k	l	m	n	o	p	q	r	s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z	a	b	c
e	f	g	h	i	j	k	l	m	n	o	p	q	r	s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z	a	b	c	d
f	g	h	i	j	k	l	m	n	o	p	q	r	s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z	a	b	c	d	e
g	h	i	j	k	l	m	n	o	p	q	r	s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z	a	b	c	d	e	f
h	i	j	k	l	m	n	o	p	q	r	s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z	a	b	c	d	e	f	g
i	j	k	l	m	n	o	p	q	r	s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h
j	k	l	m	n	o	p	q	r	s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i
k	l	m	n	o	p	q	r	s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j
l	m	n	o	p	q	r	s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j	k
m	n	o	p	q	r	s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j	k	l
n	o	p	q	r	s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j	k	l	m
o	p	q	r	s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j	k	l	m	n
p	q	r	s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j	k	l	m	n	o
q	r	s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j	k	l	m	n	o	p
r	s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j	k	l	m	n	o	p	q
s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j	k	l	m	n	o	p	q	r
t	u	v	w	x	y	z	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j	k	l	m	n	o	p	q	r	s
u	v	w	x	y	z	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j	k	l	m	n	o	p	q	r	s	t
v	w	x	y	z	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j	k	l	m	n	o	p	q	r	s	t	u
w	x	y	z	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j	k	l	m	n	o	p	q	r	s	t	u	v
x	y	z	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j	k	l	m	n	o	p	q	r	s	t	u	v	w
y	z	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j	k	l	m	n	o	p	q	r	s	t	u	v	w	x
z	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j	k	l	m	n	o	p	q	r	s	t	u	v	w	x	y

The whole day we cut and sewed on the gold-dotted overdress, and, when the time came for the ball, my daughter was already in a fashionable European costume, and under the escort of our consul-general and of the vice-consul we went to the palace.

It was a long way out of town, and the night was dark. Yet the whole distance was bright as mid-day. For an illumination began at the doors of the palace and reached all the way to the city. Every ten steps on both sides were great basins of burning pitch, and near by them black servants, in long, flowing white robes, squatted, watching the fires. The dark-red glow which painted their white drapery and black countenances produced a strikingly-beautiful effect.

The way through the great park, in the midst of which stood the palace, was lighted like a fairy scene. Bouquets of flowers, garlands of brilliantly-colored flames, splendid triumphal arches all flame and light, were crowded together, and through them we passed, until finally, in magical splendor, the palace rose before us, every part luminous from many-colored lights, and every object as bright as in daylight.

A crowd of officials and servants stood on both sides of the entrance. On the arm of the consul-general, I ascended the carpeted staircase, my daughter following with the vice-consul. Soldiers in showy uniforms stood on both sides of the stairway and at each landing, and bowed as low to the consul-general as if he had been a prince.

When we reached the upper landing, we found ourselves in a large and elegant saloon; for, in the Oriental fashion, as I have found everywhere in their palaces, the stairway does not lead into a hall or antechamber, but directly into the main apartment.

Splendidly-dressed ladies wandered about, leaning on the arms of their cavaliers; the latter, if not attired in foreign costume, wearing the red *tarbush*, the Turkish fez. There was a confusion of languages, voices, and sounds, such as I never before heard in my life. Here somebody spoke English, there French, and, in another place, the beautiful sound of the Italian met my ear; while, somewhere else, I heard a language I could not understand, since I knew neither Persian, nor Arabic, nor Greek. With difficulty we threaded our way through the gay crowd, and entered a little room, which was occupied only by a small, thin officer, who sat on a corner of a divan beneath the window, dressed in a simple uniform, with the fez on his head.

He stood up as we entered, came toward us, and the consul-general presented us to him. He was the crown-prince, Mohammed Tawfik Pacha. He shook hands with us in the Oriental fashion, and spoke a few words in tolerable French. The presentation was over, and we walked out and sought the great dancing-hall.

The access to it was by a wide corridor, both sides of which were lined with magnificent bananas and palms. Passing through this corridor, we entered an apartment of gigantic proportions, in which perhaps a thousand persons were already assembled, while as great a number wandered up and down an adjoining hall.

What a many-colored collection of the costumes of many lands! Here were Persians, in their long-flowing black dress; there Turks, clad in gold-wrought silk *caftans*, with splendid turbans; Egyptian officers in their showy, gold-ornamented uniforms, and red tarbushes; the consul-generals, in full force, in the costumes of their several countries, their breasts covered with stars and orders. Everybody laughs and is merry. Every thing is life, good-nature, youth, and freshness; and the music swells and peals, and the couples whirl off in the waltz.

A ball in the Orient is a little different from ours in the West. With us, dancing is of minor consideration, but here it is of the first importance. Here, when they dance, they breathe health, life, and passion. With arms supporting one another, breath mingles with breath, and impassioned eyes converse together.

"Are you acquainted with Egypt?" a passenger on our ship inquired of me during our voyage hither.

"No!" I replied; "I go to make acquaintance with it."

"Then you don't know what is before you," he rejoined, laughing. "Egypt is the land of perpetual youth, of eternal beauty, of costly pleasure. One finds his own lost youth again in Egypt, and the heart which had grown cold in Europe, and had found nothing more to move it, revives in Egypt, and again loves and throbs. You will find every thing in Egypt, madame! You will find love, youth, the pleasures of life, and the joy of mere existence. You will find every thing, except morality."

I thought of his words, as I stood in the ballroom, and looked round on the crowd of dancers, with their laughing red lips, and gleaming eyes, and gentle whisperings. Beside me sat a German gentleman, who, as the couples flew by, related to me a little of the *chronique scandaleuse*, which he indeed did not consider scandalous; for you become accustomed to such things in Egypt. You "find every thing in Egypt, except morality."

But the Egyptians have a beautiful, glowing, enjoyable life; and youth, love, and happiness, sparkled on the faces of all the dancers.

The Greek women were very handsome, with white and nobly-formed shoulders, and were magnificently apparelled. The brilliant-eyed Syrian women had laid aside their national costume, and were clad in European fashion; and many were the young Germans whom they fascinated by their glancing eyes and charming smiles.

"Yes, these Syrians are beautiful," a young German dancer said to me—"very beautiful; and, if they throw their nets to catch hearts, nobody can escape them; we are all taken. But, for wives, they are either too good or too bad; you may make up your own mind which of the two, madame."

Marriage, in the Orient, seems to me a particularly dangerous thing, and much to be avoided; and often here in Egypt I recall Goethe's lines:

"Heirathen, Kind, ist ein wunderbar Wort,  
Hör' ich's, möcht ich gleich wieder fort."

It is very difficult for the Germans to find

wives here, for the lovely Greek and Syrian women do not like to marry foreigners, and of German young ladies there is a great deficiency. But, as they say, marriage is the last thing one thinks of in the Orient! You find every thing here, "love, pleasure, and happiness; every thing, except morality."

What a number of singular histories and adventures were told me!—and, if any one is at all prejudiced in favor of European morals, he is rather shocked at stories which would scarcely be whispered in Europe. But people here laugh, and shrug their shoulders, and say: "What can you expect in such a climate?"

Yes, the climate is guilty of a good deal! And much is forgiven to both men and women here, as an amiable weakness, which with us would arouse the deepest horror. People tell their own stories, and they are freely talked about; but nobody is condemned who has been anywhere the subject of an adventure.

In the theatre at Cairo a beautiful young woman was pointed out to me, sitting by her husband, while behind her were three gentlemen, who, they told me, were all her lovers at the same time. Yet the next evening I saw this same lady, under her husband's escort, with these three gentlemen accompanying her, at a large party. Everybody saluted her, and all the other women were cordial to her, whose private history they knew but too well.

It was very hot at the ball in the palace. But who noticed this? Hearts beat hotter still, and eyes were more glowing; and the music swelled seductively, and from the corridors the fragrance of the orange and rose trees floated into the dancing-hall.

What beautiful women I saw at this ball! What slender, delicate figures! One seldom meets a clumsy woman in the East! They are nearly all beautifully built and formed; the little head, which they carry so proudly on their full shoulders, knows its charm and its certainty of success. The Greek women, beyond all others, have something enchanting in their loveliness. Their olive skins, with crimson-tinted cheeks; their glowing expression, and black, almond-shaped eyes, have a singular charm.

What showy toilets, what a splendor of variously-dyed fabrics! Nobody here is afraid to put on one glowing fabric over another, and to appear in such a costume. If at first they strike you strangely, the eye soon becomes accustomed to them, and no longer finds it disagreeable if over a bright-red under-dress falls a sea-green over-garment, ornamented with yellow and white roses.

The dress of one young Greek girl was wonderfully beautiful, and of exquisite simplicity. She wore a cloud of tulle; nothing but tulle surrounded her; no other under-dress than one tulle robe over another, and on each one bouquets of flowers were scattered here and there, so that the effect was that this lovely creature, surrounded with a flowery cloud, rose out of her transparent calyx a very rose herself.

At two o'clock there was a pause in the dancing, and we moved into the spacious supper-room. A long table had been reserved



for the German gentlemen, and they made room for us there.

It was a bright, happy company which surrounded it. Germans from all parts of our beloved Fatherland were united here at the elegant repast, which the hospitality of Prince Tawfik had furnished for his guests.

The dialects of Mecklenburg, Baden, Berlin, Saxony, Vienna, and Frankfort, were heard around the table. All faces were joyous, and jests and laughter sounded everywhere; the champagne-corks popped continually, and the Arab servants, who stood behind the chairs, clad in their artistic costumes, were kept busy filling the glasses of the guests for new toasts.

"A health to Germany!" began the series, and "A health to Germany!" sounded heartily round the table.

When the morning dawned, we ended our pleasant festivities, and, tired to death, and weary of the prattle and chatter, of the whirl of the variegated life, and the glowing heat in the halls, returned home to Alexandria.

### THE PATAGONIANS.\*

COMMANDER CHAWORTH MUSTERS, R.N., was not taken prisoner by the Patagonians, but went of his own free-will to live among them for a year, conforming to their ways and habits, travelling over wide tracts of untrodden ground between the Straits of Magellan and Rio Negro. He enjoyed this extraordinary experience very much, and his account of it is a valuable contribution to our knowledge of savage life in the remote and almost legendary regions of the "land of the large-footed men." Though the coasts of Patagonia had been explored and surveyed, the interior of the country was almost unknown. Its inhabitants, the Tehuelches, had often been communicated with, their stature noted, and their friendly disposition commended; but their real manner of life, their relations with or difference from the pampas and Araucanian Indians, remained a mystery. On these points Mr. Musters fully informs us.

He has lived with, he has been of, as far as such a condition of things is possible, the strange people he went to see: during his sojourn, he put all the habits of civilized life aside, and adopted the nomad habits, with the costume and the manners of the tribes. He painted his face, and found that doing so completely protected him against the blistering effect of the sun and the wind; he joined in the native dances "in full costume of ostrich-feathers and girdle of bells;" and he entered fully and spontaneously into the interests and feelings of his temporary companions, nomadic people, offering some of the strangest phenomena of human existence to be found in the savage world. The smallness of their numbers, in proportion to the great space over which these tribes wander, is one of the most striking facts pointed out. Over the whole of Patagonia, between the Straits of Magellan and the Rio Negro—a territory of over one thousand miles in length, and

nowhere less than three hundred miles in breadth—there is scattered a population of about three thousand, the estimate being computed from the fighting-men, who number about five hundred. They are a brave, active, efficient people, with no idle members among them, wonderful horsemen, singularly expert in the use of the weapons and implements with which they do their fighting and their sport; and they lead lives of constant wandering. The women are forced to work very hard, but they do not seem to be otherwise ill treated; and every man, woman, and child, can ride fearlessly. Their hunting, which is of the most arduous and exciting kind, is on a grand scale, and organized with much skill; though cruel to their captives, they are decidedly friendly to individuals among the white men, and disposed to protect the civilized settlements on their coasts. Mr. Musters's real experience of savage life began at the Rio Chico, where he became a member of the family of a chief named Orkeke, and took up his quarters in his *toldo*, by which name the temporary residences of these nomadic people are known. These toldos are very like the huts of English gypsies; and a number of them grouped together, with their innumerable dogs and fowls, and important contingent of horses, form a picturesque scene. When the tribe is about to march, the *cazique* makes an oration, and then universal bustle begins. The young men and boys lasso and bring up the horses, and the women place on their backs the bolsters of reeds, tied with hide-thongs, mantles, and colored blankets, which form their saddles; others are strapping their belts on, or putting their babies into wicker-work cradles, or rolling up the skins which form the coverings of the toldos, and placing them and the poles on the baggage-horses; last of all, the small beakers which are carried on the march are filled with water. The women mount by means of a sling round the horses' necks, and sit astride of their bolster saddles; their babies and their pet dogs are hoisted up behind them; then they take their baggage-horses in tow, and start off in single file. The men then drive the spare horses for a short distance, and, having handed them over to the charge of their wives, retire to a neighboring bush, where a fire is kindled, pipes are lighted, and the hunt commences in the following manner:

"Two men start off, and ride at a gallop round a certain area of country, lighting fires at intervals, to mark their track. After the lapse of a few minutes, two others are dispatched, and so on, until only a few are left with the *cazique*. These spread themselves out in a crescent, closing in and narrowing the circle on a point where those first started have by this time arrived. The crescent rests upon a base-line formed by the slowly-proceeding line of women, children, and baggage-horses. The ostriches and herds of guanaco run from the advancing party, but are checked by the pointsmen, and, when the circle is well closed in, are attacked with the *bolas*, two men frequently chasing the same animal from different sides. The dogs also assist in the chase; but the Indians are so expert with the *bolas* that, unless their horses

are tired, or they happen to have gambled away their *bolas*, the dogs are not much called into use. Puma are frequently found in the circles, and quickly dispatched by a blow on the head from a ball. The Indian law of division of the game prevents all disputes." The meat of the ostrich is highly prized, especially if the giant bird be in good condition. Owing to the entire absence of farinaceous food, the Tehuelches devour a great quantity of fat, as indeed every one must do in uncivilized countries. After the hunt, a great feast is held; a portion of the meat is reserved for the women and children, then a pipe is handed round, saddles are readjusted, and the party adjourn to the toldos, which by this time have been pitched and arranged by the women. Unless ostriches are very scarce, or the Indians have a peculiarly strong longing for blood, they do not kill the guanaco, but its flesh is excellent. The meat of the haunches is generally cut off in thin slices, lightly salted, and dried in the sun. When thoroughly dried, it is roasted in the ashes, pounded between two stones, and mixed with ostrich or other grease; this preparation, like pemmican, is very useful for a man going a long journey, as it can be carried in a small compass, and a mere handful satisfies the appetite. The party to which Mr. Musters had attached himself made their way slowly up the valley of the Rio Chico, which was still frozen over. They journeyed and hunted in the teeth of a piercing wind, and with occasional showers of snow. The valley sometimes opened out into wide, grass-covered plains, dotted with incense-bushes, then rose again in huge, bare, ridge-and-furrow-like undulations. Occasionally there occurred patches of swampy ground with frozen lagoons, and here and there open springs, the resort of numerous water-fowl. Bare and rugged hills rose abruptly out of the plains; and frequently a high hill of basalt, assuming the appearance of a ruined castle, closed in the bends of the winding river, like the castled crags beside the Rhine. They rested in the toldos for irregular periods, and danced merrily, even madly, in one set apart for the purpose, and known as the pretty house. The dancing was not ungraceful, but was rendered grotesque by the absurd motions of the head. It was strictly confined to the men, the women being only allowed to look on. The first sight of the Cordillera was most impressive; but the way became hourly more difficult; and the fording of the river, amid blocks of ice, which severely wounded both horses and riders, was a terrible task. They encamped for some days on the north bank, looking up whence the valley expanded a few miles up into an immense plain; and the Indians told Mr. Musters that, before reaching the mountains, there is a great drop or basin where the wild-horses are found. The toilsome march from that encampment to the magnificent mountains was full of interest, and rich in revelations of the beauty of Nature, to which the white man only was awake. The legend of the hidden cities, analogous to that current in Chili, Peru, and Mexico, is to be traced in these chill southern wilds also; not in the gorgeous golden details of Ruy Diaz Guzman, but with a sufficient flavor of

\* "At Home with the Patagonians." By George Chaworth Musters. London, 1874.

old romance. One day, while hunting, the party were startled by a loud report, as of the discharge of a cannon, and, looking to the west, they saw a black cloud of smoke hanging above the peaks of the Cordillera. His companions told Mr. Musters that on several occasions the Indians had observed similar columns of smoke in the same direction. On one occasion so convinced were they that it was caused by human agency, that a party set out to endeavor to penetrate the forests, and reach the dwellings of the unknown residents, which the smoke was believed to point out. They proceeded some distance into the recesses of the mountain-forests, but the extreme difficulties of travelling compelled them at last to abandon their purpose, and retrace their steps. It is most probable that both the explosion and the smoke proceeded from some unknown active volcano in the range; but the Indians firmly believe in the existence either of an unknown tribe or of an enchanted or hidden city. The Araucanians, when met with farther north, had a story current among them of having discovered a settlement of white people, who spoke an unknown tongue, in the recesses of the mountains in the same vicinity.

It is difficult to believe that a civilized man could live so long among any savages, even of a kind so superior to one's previous notions of them as these Tehuelches undoubtedly are, without suffering from profound disgust and isolation almost amounting to despair. But nothing of the kind seems ever to have occurred to Mr. Musters, who became inured even to the vermin with which the Indians, though not an exceptionally dirty race, are infested. He was entirely destitute of the simplest appliances of civilized life, and he had only half an old copy of "Elsie Venner" with him, by way of intellectual food. But the people and the country and the beautiful animals—which he must surely have been sorry to see so ruthlessly butchered—sufficed to keep him perpetually interested. The proportion of animal to human life in Patagonia is so much in favor of the former, that at least starvation cannot come to the tribes, as it comes to the dwellers in the waste places of the north. The guanaco, for instance, abounds over a vast range of country, extending from Peru all down the regions east of the range of the Cordillera of the Andes, over the vast plains from Mendoza to the Straits of Magellan, and even to Tierra del Fuego. The flesh of the guanaco is excellent, something resembling mutton; the young guanaco being more like very tender veal. The guanaco is of use to the Indians in every way, reminding us of the wonderful reindeer. The skin of the adult is used to make the coverings of the toldos, and that of the young ones to make mantles for clothes; the sinews of the back furnish thread; the skin of the neck furnishes lassos or thongs for bolas and bridles; the skin of the hough supplies them with shoes or coverings for the bolas; from the thigh-bone they cut out dice, or make a musical instrument. The guanaco was thus apostrophized by a friend of Mr. Musters's, as they watched a fine specimen standing on a hill above them, and uttering its shrill, warning neigh: "Ah, you are a queer animal; you have the neigh of a horse, the wool of a sheep,

the neck of a camel, the feet of a deer, and the swiftness of the devil!"

The splendid birds, lords of the wilds before men crossed their path, the swift and beautiful ostriches, are more highly prized, and in some respects even more useful. A grander sight can hardly be presented by the animal world than the flight of a great herd of ostriches, as they race, with inconceivable speed, with their strong feet spurning the earth and the sand, and their brilliant, watchful eyes shaded with eyelashes like slanting rain. The Patagonian variety of the rhea, or ostrich, is smaller and of lighter color than the African. These birds are very swift of foot, and run with their wings closed, while the other species invariably spread theirs. The wing-feathers are sold for a dollar a pound at Buenos Ayres. The neck is used as a pouch for salt or tobacco; from the sinews of the leg thongs for bolas are constructed; the grease from the breast and back is secured in bags formed of the skin; the meat is more nourishing than that of any other animal in the country; and the eggs form a staple commodity of food during the months of September, October, and November. The male bird is swifter than the female. When any danger appears, he will feign to be hurt, in order to attract the attention of the hunter from his brood. Their usual food consists of short grass and the seeds of various shrubs. They possess great power of sight. If met or obstructed by horsemen in their line of flight, they not unfrequently squat so closely that they can scarcely be distinguished from the surrounding rocks, as the grayish color of their plumage so closely resembles the almost universal aspect of the pampas of Patagonia. They are not web-footed, but they can swim sufficiently well to pass a river. In the winter season, the Indians frequently drive them into the water, where, their legs getting numbed with cold, they are drifted to the shore by the current, and easily captured. In snowy weather they are also readily taken, as their eyes appear to be affected by the glare of the white snow, and their saturated plumage becomes heavier. Contrary to the usual rule among birds, the male sits on the eggs, and, when the chickens are hatched, assumes the charge of the brood.

Among the mountains grand wild-cattle abound; and Mr. Musters can boast of having seen bull-fights in earnest, and where there was fair play. He dispels the current notion of the great height of the natives of Patagonia. They are merely well-grown men, whose average height is five feet ten inches. They are athletic and active, and are always small eaters; they also have a great capacity, on occasion, for going without food for long periods. They are good-looking, with very bright eyes, thin noses, and universally good teeth. The complexion of the men is reddish brown, and they wear no beard, whiskers, or mustache, and even eradicate their eye-brows. The men have long, flowing hair, of which they take great care, making their wives brush it out once a day at least. The young women are good-looking and well conducted; and young and old wonderfully industrious. Their dress, chiefly of furs, is handsome; and the women beautifully em-

broider and ornament the dressed skins, of which the mantles are made. They have few traditions, and their songs are merely melodious sounds, without meaning. Horse-racing and gambling are their favorite pursuits, and they have many games of manual dexterity. Marriages are always of inclination, and the only ceremony is an exchange of gifts and a great slaughter of mares. On the death of a Tehuelche, all his horses, dogs, and other animals, are killed; his *ponchos*, ornaments, bolas, and other personal belongings, are placed in a heap and burned, the widow and other womankind keeping up a dismal wailing. The meat of the horses is distributed among the relations on both sides; and the widow, who cuts her hair short, and assumes black paint, repairs to the toldo of her relations, or, if she has none in the party, to the toldo of the chief. Their religion is very vague. They believe in a Good Spirit, but have no idols or objects of worship, nor is there any trace among them of adoration of the sun. On the whole, this curious nomadic people are interesting and estimable, and Commander Musters gives them a good character for fair dealing. He concludes his most interesting narrative with the following advice to future travellers in Patagonia: "Never show distrust of the Indians; be as free with your goods and chattels as they are to each other, and don't give yourself airs of superiority, as they do not understand it—unless you can prove yourself better in some distinct way."

## THE FISHERMAN'S LIGHT-HOUSE.

A PICTURE in my mind I keep,  
While all without is shiver of rain;  
Warm, firelit shapes forgotten creep  
Away, and shadows fill my brain.

I see a chill and desolate bay  
That glimmers in a lonely wood,  
Till darkling, more and more away,  
It grows a sightless solitude.

No cheerful sound afar to hear,  
No cheerful sight afar to see;  
The stars are shut in heavens dear,  
The darkness holds the world and me.

Yet hark! I hear a quickening oar,  
The burden of a happy song,  
That echo keeps along the shore  
In faint-repeating chorus long.

And whither moves he through the night,  
The rower of my twilight dream?  
A compass in his heart is bright,  
And all his pathway is a gleam!

No light-house leaning from the rock  
To tell the sea-tossed mariner  
Where breakers, fiercely gathering, shock  
A fiery-speaking messenger!

But see, o'er water lighted far,  
One steadfast line of splendor come!  
Is it in heaven the evening-star?  
The fisher knows his light at home!

And which is brighter, that which glows  
His evening-star of faith and rest,  
Or that which, sudden-kindled, goes  
To meet it from his eager breast?

JOHN JAMES PIATT.

## MOTION BY RAIL.

BY A UNIVERSAL RAILER.



SMOKING-CAR.—THE EUCHRE PARTY.

**H** EAT is a mode of motion. More than that, heat is motion, according to Tyndall, and we can cause it whenever we please. Yes, and motion causes heat in us whenever it pleases—a truth which Helmholtz & Co. have failed to develop sufficiently.

Of the modes of motion best calculated to cause heat in the human mind—I say nothing of the body in these days of imperfect and dangerous railway stoves—motion by rail takes precedence. I do not purpose to speak disrespectfully of the equator, or to impinge my sinciput against a locomotive under full headway, in the hope of reforming travel altogether; but the truth is, that that primitive, prehistoric preadamite who invented the wheelbarrow, or other earlier and more infantile protoplasmic go-cart, was a fiend. He, in sooth, was no blockhead, though he antedated the stone age, and hacked his first wheel, with rude edge of fire-hardened wooden chisel, out of some vast fern of the unknown and utterly x-oic period. He may have chewed his wheel deftly out of the original wood, or, mayhap, he slowly incised it

apart with monster thumb-nail, of which our present ungal defences are but the merest

suggestion. Howbeit, from that wheel our existing steam-system which reticulates the globe, and threatens to strangle it outright, as parasites do the monarchs of the Brazilian forest—from that wheel, I say, our present multiform steam-machinery was evolved, as naturally and inevitably as man from the ascarid—no, the ascidian. Ask Darwin, or see Herbert Spencer about it.

*Quida non movere*—which may be freely rendered, “A man of sense will stay at home and snap his fingers at accident-insurance companies.” I am of the omphalosophs, and hold that happiness consists in smoking good cigars, and in contemplating the lowermost waistcoat-button. Why move? Clearly because you are not contented. Motion easily provoked is a sign of irritability; and that, in turn, is a sign of weakness. The strong, wise, happy man sits still and sticks to his waistcoat-button.

It is the author of “Friends in Council,” if I err not, who says “there is too much of every thing.” This, indeed, is the chief woe of motion by rail—the overmuchness of every thing, and especially of everybody. Could we



THE AMABLE PASSENGER.



but travel alone, or with a select party, by special train, the thing were endurable; but this surplussage and superfetation of our American passenger-coaches is—what shall I say? "Bore" is not the word. That is literary, slangy, Englishy. What I seek is the scientific equivalent—something weighty and oppressive. Shall I then say foot-pound, foot-ton, and not spell it *un*, after the manner of the *Tribune*? Ay, it is this *plus* quantity of men and things that makes travel by rail a foot-ton of annoyance, and superheats the human soul.

Omitting the rush at the ticket-office and away from it, and the scramble to get aboard the train, there is, to begin with, the amiable parent of the steam-period, who will not let you rest in peace in your hard-won seat. Laden, as never Alpine porter was, with shawls, lunch-baskets, travelling-bags, bird-cages, and traps innumerable and nameless, he sweeps through the car, like a simoom, in a brass-button, flap-pocket coat, and human heads go down before him as the bearded wheat bows down before the thunder-gust. In aimless wrath they rise behind him, but on he goes with beaming, benevolent face, leveling all things right and left, and as wholly unconscious of the storm of indignation he arouses as a real storm is of the wrecks that mark its path. How it happens that benevolent beings are always broad of back and ample in elbow-sweep, I know not. There is, I dare say, some physical law for it, but I am as yet unacquainted with it. Shall consult the Duke of Argyll and "First Principles." I may remark, just here, that thin persons, however benevolent, do not festoon themselves with bird-cages and russia-leather satchels when passing through railway-cars; and I will add, what has never before been remarked by any philosophic osteologist, that the petrous portion of the temporal bone—the hardest in the whole body—is, by a wise provision of Nature, precisely that part of the human head which is most exposed to the impact of bird-cages, bags, handboxes, and the like. Otherwise deaths from confusion would be incessant in our trains.

The recognition, nay, the discovery of this new and most important scientific fact in craniology served to compose, in a measure, the molecular agitation into which I had been thrown by the man of the bird-cage, and to restore that state of moving equilibrium which is the



"SEAT ENGAGED?"—"OF COURSE!"

most that the rational travelling physicist can hope for. By an avalanche-like rather than a glacial movement, I transported myself to the window—a seat which I detest, because it betrays to the scientific eye delicious geological sections defiled by foulest advertisements, badly spelt, as a general rule, and always irregularly stratified—a dike of

the woman is always an object of interest to me as an artist and pathologist. Death and Poverty are the best sculptors—they bring out the features in high relief, and impart to them that marble aspect which is at once so beautiful and instructive, indicating, as it does, a preponderance or excess of some chemical element over some other element,

or perhaps I had better say an entire absence of all the necessary elements of human life. This evidently non-opulent and almost azoic female person appeared, after she was seated by my side, to have undergone prolonged maceration in some capacious vat of suffering in the city. A tendency to infiltration of serum into the cellular tissue was painfully apparent. Signs of undue force-expenditure, without subsequent compensatory alimentation, were not wanting, and there was a hint of phthisis in the peculiar hue of the conjunctiva or white of the eye.

My prescription was soon written: "Iron by Hydrogen—porter—beefsteak." This, made out on a bit of filtering-paper, which I always carry with me, together with another oblong bit of bank-note paper, which I do not always carry with me, I slipped into the poor creature's basket and dismissed her from my thoughts, other foot-tons of annoyance engaging them.

Before we reach the tunnel (odd propylon of the august temple of Nature—the country;



SEEING THE BRIDE OFF.

said country, so-called, consisting mainly of a linear series of villages), appear those scientifically-distressing modes of motion within motion popularly known as the news-boy, the fiddle-boy, and the popcorn-man. To the first of these no cultivated being will withhold his tribute of admiration, not only as a distributor of knowledge, but as an acute observer of men—so acute, it is said, that at a glance he will detect the intellectual appetencies of his customer, and hand him, without hesitation, the novel or newspaper which will be of all others most tempting to him. Was it acuteness only that made him proffer me "Dead Men's Tales" and the *Day's Doings*, or was it some deep under-current of mischief running ever at the bottom of the monkey basis of youthful *bimana*? Hark ye, sirrah! the time is come when the travelling public, omnivorous beast that it is, demands other food than silly fiction and sillier news of the day. Pile under your chin a goodly batch of Huxley, Tyndall, Lubbock, Mivart, Proctor, Kingsley, and other popular writers on science, and you will find a customer, if not in me, in many others not so universalogical in their attainments. A copy of *Nature* or other such journal will not be amiss among your wares.

Corn or maize, in its popped or heat-disparted form, is, I take it, a mood or phase of hominy, and hence the celerity with which the vendor disposes of it. Perhaps the addition of sugar (the altogether childish and indeed infantile form of carbon, charcoal being the adolescent and the diamond the mature form) to the snowy exterior of the corn may add to its attractions. At all events, a package of farinaceous or carbonaceous matter and an illustrated newspaper are indispensable to the happiness of the average American in motion. Not content with having his body whirled through space at the rate of thirty or forty miles an hour, he must needs keep eye and mind, such as he has, and digestive apparatus (and who but the *ineactivore* has better?) all in incessant motion. So true it is that motion begets motion.

But hither comes a study indeed for any man. Captious must be the critic who would quarrel with the soft-eyed, sad-eyed son of the solar ray, the Italian waif, for holding his instrument at the perpendicular instead of the horizontal; for his industrious but inartistic use of the bow, and for his plaintive—



THE NERVOUS PARTY.

"Viva Garibaldi!  
E la libertà!"

A penny for you, my lad, many pennies, and go your ill-requited round through the car, while I study you near at hand and afar off, even when the door has closed upon your dismal beauty and its manifold suggestions. As an ethnological specimen, very valuable; as

and crossing, is but natural; but why, I ask, in this enlightened age, when the pharmacopoeia is burdened with chlorals, bromides, hydrates, sedatives, hypnotics, and anesthetics, should there be any nervous parties at all? Here is an aperture for philanthropy and for Mr. Bergh. A shop of sedatives and a skilled apothecary on every train would be a desider-

atum; for surgeons we may trust to fortune and to the village nearest the scene of smash-up; but for the hypnotizer there is a constant need. In truth, were the passengers all duly and sufficiently narcotized, the death or mutilation of the whole of them would be attended with trifling bodily inconvenience. The lesson of geology is patience. A few thousand centuries hence, and this will be done.

More to be dreaded, in my opinion, than collisions, or draw-bridge accidents, or misplaced switches, is that telescoping of the lives of two fools which is generally, and indeed specifically, known as marriage. 'Twere not so bad if the parties would remain quietly at home. But they will not. They must e'en be off and away, to worry the world by their folly. This were bearable, perhaps, but for the absurd osculation which is its open, public, and unblushing concomitant. Dogs kiss and are fond of it. Cats kiss. I have seen cats kiss human beings. Traces not yet obliterated of this cano-feline infirmity linger



THE FIDDLE-BOY.

in the higher orders of animals, in attestation of Darwin's theory. Viewed in this light, there may be something pleasing in the modern practice of promiscuous platform-kissing, but to the truly enlarged and encyclopædic mind it is simply revolting in its suggestions of by no means remote ancestral *simiadae*. From this order, indeed, the groom seems never to have fairly diverged, and into it he inevitably reverts on all such occasions, when the possession of a solitary female of his species has developed his instinct at the expense of his reason, supposing him to be endowed with the latter faculty. My strong conviction is that, in place of an expensive bridal tour, the proper thing is for the male to erect an arbor in the top of the nearest tall forest-tree, and repair thither with his treasure during the first lunar month of wedded bliss. Thus, and thus only, I conceive, may the aptitudes of the animal have free play without detriment to the tastes of an enlightened public. Thus, too, may the young creatures derive that complete gratification which the uncivilized man finds only when he assimilates himself to the inferior race from which he sprang. With the advance of mankind we may hope for an advance in manners, and a gradual sloughing-off of practices so reprehensible as public and even private kissing. Salutations will ultimately conform to the requirements of the highest sociological development; at first in slight astromonic curves of the spinal column, and finally end in pure, rigid lines of crystallo-graphic recognition—distant, angular, and severe.

As a relief from the chatter of the newly-entered couple, who supplement endless ogling with eternal gabble, I betake me to the drawing-room car, where a new annoyance and a strange example of variation under railway domestication awaits me. Perhaps the most curious of the manifold products of steam-transportation are the elegant persons it develops, for aught I know from brakemen, or even stokers, and transforms into conductors. That the collecting of tickets and the punching of holes in them with an appropriate instrument, should expand the mind as well as the chest, is beyond question a surprising psychological fact. That it should reform the costume, impart blandness to the voice, give tone to the muscles in the calf of the leg, fluff the side-whiskers, and incline the cap to the exact angle of



DRAWING-ROOM CAR.—THE ELEGANT CONDUCTOR.

self-esteem, unaccompanied by arrogance, is, I repeat, a most remarkable circumstance, and a wonderful proof of the developing powers of steam. And yet we need not be alarmed at it. The movement is in the right direction—the evolution is altogether natural—there is nothing abnormal in it. Heat and moisture, the components of steam, are eminently fa-

vorable to growth; and, as time wears on, we may look for something quite fine and tropical in the luxuriance of every railroad employé. The conductor shall have the plumage of the bird of paradise, and the air of a prime-minister; the engine-driver shall pull his bell or his lever with the dignity of a king; and the switch-tender doff his cap as the train passes by with the grace of a tragic actor. This is not sarcasm; I mean it in earnest. It shall not be said of me that a simple request to exhibit my ticket, at a time when my mind is absorbed in the study of the bowlders of the country through which I am travelling, provoked more than a momentary pang of annoyance, and a transitory wish that all elegant conductors were at the—the—place of their final destination! At the same time, as a sincere advocate of truth, and an ardent lover of personal comfort, I must say that I am utterly unable to understand why some automatic apparatus has not been devised to supplant this elegant and amiable personage.

It cannot be indifference to the wants of travellers, because the wants of travellers, as every well-informed American knows, are the inspiration, the life, the light, the joy, the very soul of railway officials. Slaves of an exacting public, whose wants, fancied or real, increase as they are ministered to, and grow fungoid and furious from over-indulgence—slaves of this never-to-be-satisfied public, who dares accuse the railway official of indifference? Is it the pure and patriotic legislator, whose unbiassed vote is not rated at its par value? Or the immaculate dispenser of justice, to whose spotless ermine only the sheen of silver can add new lustre? Is it the honest editor, boiling in virtuous wrath over the pitiable parallelogram of a complimentary ticket, which no conductor, however elegant, will presume to puncture? Ask me not, for these things do not pertain to my special department in universology. I leave them to the hiring penny-a-liners of the period.

To the philosopher, as to men of feeble intelligence and fewer mental resources, there is a last resort in time of trouble, worry, and vexation—a haven of refuge from every care, from every thing but men. There are too many men. I am myself a man, even when I am smoking; but I am content to smoke and be silent. Silence should be the inflexible law of the smoking-car—silence and good tobacco. Cheap cigars,



TEN MINUTES FOR CHOKING.



whiskey, and cards, should be banished by solemn ukase or bull of railroad pope. I have observed that the playing of cards, and more particularly of the idiotic game of euchre—whist affords some play for the intellect; euchre none whatever—gives to the hat a nauseous set back, and to the cigar a tusk-like or unicornish upward tilt, not to be borne with any degree of patience by any sane human being. I regard euchre as the resource of dementia. I believe that it imparts a ruffianly cock to the player's cap, a scoundrelly aspect to his physiognomy, and a villainous odor to his cigar. It cannot be played by the true lover of the pipe or of the genuine Havana. It corrugates the brow. It affects the eyesight. It causes baldness of the head. It provokes a thirst for strong drink, and it interferes seriously with the time-honored terminology of cards. It tells of "right and left bowers." Now, a knave is not a bower. There is a species of anchor called bower, but a knave, or jack, is not an anchor. There is no resemblance in size or appearance. The material is wholly different—one is of iron and the other of pasteboard. Their shapes are entirely dissimilar. I fail to see the likeness either to a bower of trees or shrubs, or to a bower anchor. But if bower, why right bower, why left bower? No sufficient answer has ever been given to this question, and it is fair to presume that none ever will. I say the game has no scientific basis, and that there is no sense in right and left bower. Bower, forsooth! The name is exceedingly unpleasing and illogical. Can a man, I mean an actual man, "throw a bower," a real bower, or take up a bower, or "go it alone," with a bower? I do not believe it; or, if he could, the spectacle would be a very foolish one.

No, this thing of "euchring" a man or a couple of men has been carried a little too far on the cars. Catholic in my tastes, I admit that even cards may be made a profitable amusement. Our sports should conform to the age in which we live. Let the cards consist of granite, gneiss, hornblende, trap, felspar, mica, sandstone, etc., etc., illustrative of the geology of the country through which the train is passing, and to each card affix a value proportioned to its period in the past—granite being ace, and so on down to mud, which may represent the deuce. Thus, I conceive, the game may be made instructive without the use of either a right or left bower, and without "going it alone," or the "euchring" of any man, however geologically ignorant.

But, soft! the train is being slowed, and we approach Doughnutville or Crullerton. I know the place full well. Ten minutes here for cormorant practice—for choking, gorging, gobbling, guzzling; and the American, euchred or uneuchred, rushes, like an ichthyosaur



THE POP-CORN MAN.

or pterodactyl, to his prey. Here is transformation of force with a vengeance. The train is still, but the beasts—the ravening beasts—are busier than ever. Cup and platter, coffee and pie, fingers and fork, coffee, pie, sandwich, pie, pie, coffee, always pie, coffee ever, eternal coffee and sempiternal pie—a death-struggle for pie, a warfare for coffee, fast, furious, short, sharp, decisive, demoniacally quick and instantly determined.

I remark that, while there may be some proportion between the human stomach and the tank of the tender, the oesophagus is constructed on a widely-different model from the canvas tube which carries water into the tender, and that the walls of the stomach are not made of sheet-iron or boiler-plate, riveted, as is the case with the tender. Hence I am unable to perceive the *rationale* of timing people as tenders are timed. Canvas tubes do not swallow—no more do Americans; they gulp, and food goes down in a continuous stream as nearly as the structure of the fauces will admit. Still, canvas and sheet-iron have an immense advantage, which does not enter into the calculations of the computers of time-tables.

Come, give us ten minutes more at Crullerton, and make it up in additional speed. Allow us slowly to eat our food, carefully cut beforehand into exact dodecahedrons, and then, at least, one of the miseries of motion by rail will be wanting.

### STREET-CORNER STUDIES.

ALL things considered, I think talk is manliest in the open air; more refined by the fireside of course it is, but strained of some of its arterial blood. The free sky in-

vites to frankness—not the kind of frankness, perhaps, that would lead you to tell the name of your sweetheart, but that kind which gets into your full lungs and talks out your nature for you, truer and better than you know. The least autobiographical of men will often leave a trail into his past by the merest chip of a phrase, as he hurries by you in the street; while your ordinary mortal is always dropping bits of text according to himself, by which you can read him backward, as the good Hebrews do their prophets; or catch-words by which you fancy you can read forward into next week of a lifetime, and even beyond. Street-talk bounds from one emphatic word to another; outside of your vernacular you can rarely fill up the blank spaces. So that the real romance of the pavements is a sort of fugitive dramatic poetry that you must be born to. And the pure luxury of listening to it is felt in its highest, I think, by one who has lived long abroad, and who, returned to the habitat of his own language, is forever experiencing the

fresh surprise that he can catch the meaning of the merest touch-and-goes of conversation. That, I am free to say, is how I got in the way of listening on street-corners. It may not be the best morality, but I could not help it now if I tried; and then it is, after all, as ice-cream and many insipid things would be, if it were only wicked to indulge in them—it is all the pleasanter for the immortal courage it draws upon.

Now what, for instance, could have been more dramatic than the little scene, just ten seconds long, that flashed upon me the other day as I was waiting for my suburban car? Two little girls, neither of them over seven or eight years old, came marching along abreast; they had pug noses; they wore Irish hoods, the shabbiest kind of dresses, pieces of shawls, holey stockings, through which their dirty little red legs glared at intervals; shoes which retained scarce a memory of their first cowhide youth and office—the merest reveries of shoes. Well, just in front of these little creatures walked a lady in a velvet cloak, and with her hair all crimped, and hanging dishevelled down her back. Said one little girl to the other, pulling her piece of a shawl daintily over her shoulders, and pointing at this reckless coiffure, as they passed me, "It's all the fashion to wear our hair that way now!"

Of course the genius of that speech is all condensed into that one word "our." Your playwright or story-teller might have thought of every thing but that. If one might put all speeches through seven stages, as Touchstone does giving the lie, we would here have an instance of the dramatic direct. Now, much of street dialogue is only dramatic suggestive—verbal pennants, as you might say, which catch the wind of a better story above and

beyond them. Take the case of the two young ladies whom I overheard lately. They were richly-dressed, average-faced young creatures, and one of them said—

"The Rev. Mr. Sipid—"

"Oh, he is such a love!" exclaimed the other; "he must be engaged!"

"No, he isn't; I know he is not."

"Oh, oh! that is too good to be true."

Then they passed out of hearing; but in the tone of that last remark, and in the look of ineffable aspiration with which the young lady made it, one got the whole diagnosis of pastormania. There was magic enough in those few, flat words to uncork to the mind's eye the thin personality of that young clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Sipid. You see the Jovine curls that play about his narrow forehead, as, in a cloud of feminine incense, he makes his descent upon his parish. You see the perfumed notes in which the artless daughters of the congregation hope his "esteemed feet will be the warmer for the accompanying slippers;" and you hear the wives who sit under his "powerful preaching," and who, somehow mistaking platitudes for Platonism, imagine themselves discontented because their husbands are so matter-of-fact as to tend to their own business and get a comfortable living for their families—you will hear those wives telling this sweet Jove of the pulpit that a part of their lost happiness has been restored to them since it has been their privilege to come in contact with "an exalted mind," etc., etc. Your ordinary woman gets over most of her sentimental admirations after her first child. Does she, though, ever get over pastormania? Well, you wonder how it all happens so. You think that the apostles could not have been much of beaux in their day; that is, if Raphael's and Da Vinci's portraits of them can be relied upon. But our jolly trout-fishers of men, you reflect, have changed all that. Do unto yourself as you would that others should do unto you, is now the fundamental doct— Here you see your car coming, and will say, and you are surprised that you have been so uncharitable even to a few of the world's moral police.

Sometimes, however, the listener of the street-corner encounters conversational mysteries, puzzles, and conundrums; labyrinths of monologue, that would lose the vividest imagination; anecdotal glass pearls, that you could never string upon a reverie. There was, for example, that old fellow who worried me with a dog—in his talk, I mean; take him. I wish there was a system of unmusical notation, that I might write down for you the slow, harsh nasal of his voice. He was a big, red-headed, red-faced, white-eyebrowed, middle-aged man, with red whiskers about an inch long, standing out straight, and looking very much like a cheap worsted tippet about his throat. He seemed an incarnate blush for himself, but he wasn't. He was, as you shall see, only too much at his ease. Beside him walked a short, dumpy man, who was so completely overshadowed by this tall fellow, that I can recall nothing more about him than that he marched persistently out of step. The red, big man was the speaker, and he said, with his slow, loud, grating nasal drawl:

"The old dog he stood right there, and never moved, the old dog didn't, and Peter stood right there and looked at the old dog, and the old dog never stirred, the old dog didn't; never moved, he didn't; never moved a hair, and Peter he looked square at the old dog, Peter did; and the old dog looked at Peter, he did, and never stirred." I had been drawn along after them; I couldn't help it. I wanted to know the desperate end of Peter or the dog. The slow drawl, a cross between a horse-fiddle and saw-filing, went on as I followed: "The old dog kept mighty still now, and Peter kept mighty still, too; and then Peter spoke to the old dog, and the old dog never winked, the old dog didn't—never moved a eye-lasher, not a hair; and Peter scrooched in by the old dog, and the old dog just watched him, and Peter passed on a little farther, and the old dog followed Peter, and smelt of Peter, the old dog did, and followed Peter with his nose close to Peter's calf of the leg. And then at last the old dog—"

The narrator and his companion disappeared up a pair of back-stairs and carried the catastrophe with them—whatever that was—whether the old dog devoured Peter, or Peter devoured the old dog, or whether it was not, after all, a case of enchantment, in which the two confronted each other forever; the dog of the old legend, perhaps, watching the pious somnambulism of one of the Seven Sleepers—this, this still remains to me "one of those things," in the language of Lord Dundreary, "that no fellow can find out."

One often gets little street-corner mosaics of stupidity which are delightful. Said a lady to another lady last week, as they stood waiting for the same car I was to take:

"I think a slow fever is so unpleasant."

"Yes," was the reply of that other lady, with the same profound gravity—"yes, it is really very tiresome."

Now the friend who should have laughed at this dialogue would never have been understood, perhaps never forgiven. People make such remarks just because they haven't the least sense—the least suspicion of humor. Yet stupid folks are in their way great blessings to the world, and such bits of drift-talk are enough to set you thinking about them. With the most charitable intentions, however, you are apt to end your musings with the query whether there are not, after all, more fools than sinners. Stupid people, though probably the flesh and blood—say, the stomach—of the world, have, you see, their unfavorable sides; they so often go blindfold the same path that brains are led, open-eyed, by temptation. It is with the dull razor that you cut yourself, as I need not tell you, if you shave at home.

You often meet people on the street who tell you stories without words—who, "though silent, cry out," translating for you as they walk that old Latin line. A boy the other day passed slowly by our car-station, balancing upon his head a bundle of law-papers with one hand, and with the other clutching a book in which he was absorbed with a more genuine passion than any stage Hamlet. It was a "Dime Novel," but the enchantment of that boy held in it a story of which the cheap romancer never dreamed.

The boy was a chapter of intellectual nonage—a piece of the only pure flesh-and-blood romance left to our times. I noticed two or three people making way for him on the pavement, out of respect, as I like to think, for the giants and geni of their own lost youth.

The negroes are, I have observed, about the only class of people who laugh all through the New-England winter. It seems to take a long time for them to get the thousand years of summer out of their blood. In the course of two or three generations in our bleak North their complexions settle into a kind of Malay hue, and in rare instances they have in their speech what wicked strangers call "the Boston twang;" but the east winds prevail not against their infinite good-nature. It needs but three rays of sunshine to make counterfeit Africa for them out of a dingy brick-wall not far from our car-station. There, in scalene poses, they lean, and "loaf, and invite their souls," through what sunny memories or migrations no one knows. There is at least something of the carelessness of the world's happy youth in them. North or South, you will see few sad negro faces. My attention was first led up that dingy-walled side-street by a picturesque domestic scene upon the curb-stone at the corner. There a colored lady was tying a gaudy, soiled pink bow under the paper collar of a shabby-gentle gentleman of the very darkest dye. The lingering daintiness of the rite was not hampered in the least by its striking publicity. Upon the opposite corner a young man of the same race, in a fierce Spanish cloak, was holding forth to an ornate mulatto who wore a most astonishing cravat and turn-down "Club-house" collar.

"Yas, sah," said the bandit in a Spanish cloak, as I passed—"yas, indeed, sah, I was 'lected secretary of dat society, secartary an' treas'rer. I was secartary of dat other meet-in', too. Dey found me forty dollars in debt to de society, an' kicked me down-stairs, but—"

I had got too far past to hear any more.

RALPH KEELER.

MR. ALGERNON SWINBURNE has a theory that only men of patrician birth can be poets. This is a mere whim. Perhaps Dante, Alfieri, and Byron, may be set down as patricians. But these are almost the only men whose names suggest themselves on the spur of the moment, and scores of poets of the highest genius, but of plebeian birth, rise to the tip of the tongue. Horace, Béranger, Burns—what sort of a pedigree had any of these men? Neither Shakespeare nor Milton can be said to be men of the patrician order. They were representatives of the middle class—of the class which in every country has produced the truest poets, the keenest and profoundest thinkers, the greatest statesmen. Most of the best English poetry has been written by men as free from a pedigree as Burns. What pedigree had Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, Moore, Crabbe, Keats, Tom Hood, or even Scott, except the pedigree which he improvised out of his own imagination? They all belonged to the yeoman and merchant class. Byron and Shelley were the only two who were entitled to bear arms. Genius is not in the blood. It often turns up, like wild-honey, in strange places.

## TABLE-TALK.

ONE by one, the vestiges of old Boston are being swept away by the advancing and peremptory tide of commercial enterprise, and a new city, somewhat less crooked, but somewhat bereft, also, of its old aroma of antiquity, is replacing the labyrinths which have so long puzzled the non-Bostonian visitor. The venerable Josiah Quincy, who is endowed with an unusual gift of prophecy, predicted, thirty years ago, that the man was then living who should see the Atlantic and Pacific linked together by a railway; and, now that this prophecy has become sober fact, Mr. Quincy has been emboldened to once more consult his oracles, the result of which is a prediction that the man is now living who will see Boston inhabited by a million souls. The growth of Boston, during the past eight or nine years, has truly been noteworthy, when it is considered that the "Hub" is not in what is supposed to be the growing longitudinal belt of the continent; and the inevitable result of this is the gradual but probably thorough disappearance of the old landmarks. The waters of the Back Bay, fifteen years ago, washed what is now the lower edge of the Public Garden; now, block after block extends westward of this limit, and the habitable land is fast growing across to the opposite Longwood shore. Of the two parties in Boston who take issue on the subject of the demolition of its antiquities, the sentimental or conservative party appears to be losing ground every year, and the utilitarian, progressive, and enterprising party to be having its own way. Scollay's Building is no more, and in its place is a wide, open square, which is a blessing to cartmen and a relief to the legal eye which gazes upon it from the musty chambers of Court Street. The old State-House still sticks in the mouth of State Street, choking the ingress and egress of the money-changers, and affording offices to insurance companies and shops for tailors in the rooms where Hancock and Gore used to sign their gubernatorial decrees. The modern, unreverential spirit is already repeating that it must come down, and the old fogies will doubtless soon have to submit to its fate. Faneuil Hall seems, as yet, to enjoy an immunity from even thoughts of desecration; perhaps its safety is less owing to its historic memories than to the fact that it serves two useful purposes—one as a spacious market, which the Boston *paterfamilias* has got used to and would not like to dispense with, and one as affording a spacious and traditional hall for all sorts of political and public meetings. The Bostonian still resorts there, as he did in the days of Otis, to hear what he shall do to save his country. The old churches are, however, fast disappearing, and giving place to granite or brick blocks of stores; while their successors, in a new and ostentatious style of architecture, are

being erected at the South and West Ends. Brattle Church has vanished, and the Second Church, on Bedford Street, which was occupied by the society descended from that to which Increase Mather preached, and the School-Street Universalist Church, of which Hosea Ballou was the patriarch and pastor. King's Chapel and the Old South, the two most suggestively historic, still remain; and it is to be hoped that the exigent spirit of commerce may perhaps be induced to spare them for their memories, as at least neither of them stands in the middle of the street.

— The new London School Board, elected under Mr. Forster's Education Act, has just submitted an interesting report of its investigations and operations during the fifteen months that it has been in existence. The metropolis is divided into ten school-divisions, which are, city of London, Chelsea, Finsbury, Greenwich, Hackney, Lambeth, Marylebone, Southwark, Tower Hamlets, and Westminster; the aggregate population being 3,265,005, and the largest school-district being Lambeth, with 533,000 souls. These three and a quarter million comprise 681,000 children between three and thirteen years of age—about one-fifth. Of these, about 100,000 receive private or home instruction; 574,000 remain as eligible for the elementary or free schools, though the board finds that, in fact, only 400,000 actually attend them, leaving nearly 200,000 "beyond reach of education," of whom rather more than half can satisfactorily account for absence, the rest being without excuse for non-attendance. The causes of non-attendance are classified by the board as working at home or for wages, illness, disability, and insufficient age, with a rather suggestive residuum who are put down as "neglected." Of the children who have no valid excuse for not attending school, the largest proportion are residents of the poorer districts of the metropolis—Lambeth, Tower Hamlets, and Finsbury—while Westminster shows the lowest proportion. The board has extended its inquiries into the efficacy of the present educational system, and find that there are about three thousand elementary schools within the London limits, and that one hundred and forty-five more are in process of formation, the whole giving opportunities to some 413,000 children; but of these schools the board pronounces only about one-third to be efficient, whether the defect be in the location and buildings, or in the teaching. The Department of Education, over which Mr. Forster, as vice-president of the Privy Council, presides, and which has become virtually one of the great branches of the administration, is recommended to make provision for 100,000 more children—the principal need being in the wretched quarters of Lambeth, Tower Hamlets, Finsbury, Hackney, and Southwark. Similar inquiries have been made by the school boards throughout England, and the system is begin-

ning to get into something like methodical shape. The difficulty as to the denominational character of the elementary schools yet remains. Mr. Forster's scheme threw the control of the schools to a large degree into the hands of the Church-of-England clergy, who are fain to give a denominational bent to public instruction, whereat the Dissenters are dissatisfied, and clamor for purely secular schools, with an equal restraint of all sects from interfering with the religious condition of the scholars. An effort has already been made in Parliament to amend the act with this view, and will be strenuously repeated.

— The announcement is made that the Countess of Mayo, widow of the murdered Viceroy of India, has been appointed honorary lady of the bedchamber to Queen Victoria. Such appointment is doubtless the prelude to an appointment as regular lady of the bedchamber, which it was expected that Lady Mayo would have on the first vacancy. The queen has, with her usual kindness, taken time by the forelock in her endeavors to prove her special sympathy with a lady so sadly bereaved. Since the death of the prince-consort, the queen has appointed none but widows to these offices. The emolument is four thousand dollars a year, and they are each in waiting about two months annually. In London they do not reside at the palace, but a royal carriage is placed at their disposal to convey them from their residences to the palace as occasion may require. In the country they live in the palace; and of late the queen has scarcely ever been resident for more than a day or two in London. These ladies are generally, but by no means invariably, selected from among those to whom money is an object. In former days they went in and out with the ministry, but now only the mistress of the robes—who receives ten thousand dollars a year—is affected by political changes. At the beginning of Queen Victoria's reign there was a terrible to-do on this head. Lord Melbourne, having resigned office, was succeeded by the late Sir Robert Peel. Presently Sir Robert came to the queen and requested that she would demand the resignation of certain ladies of the court very closely connected with the outgoing party. The queen, very young, inexperienced, and with no wise prince-consort then to guide her, declined positively to part with "the friends of her youth." Under these circumstances Sir Robert Peel said he must resign office, and so he did. It proved how much influence he attributed to petticoats; and no one can read the history of Queen Anne's reign without feeling that the annals of the past gave grounds for such apprehension.

— Visitors to the Central Park are struck by the grand proportions of the Lenox Library, whose massive walls are slowly rising on its eastern border. Occupying one of the



most commanding sites on Fifth Avenue, overlooking the mall and the most frequented parts of the park, it will be, when completed, one of the principal features of what must soon become the centre of the city. Its front, one hundred and ninety-eight feet in length, covers the entire face of the block between Seventieth and Seventy-first Streets. It will be two stories and an attic in height, of the modern French style of architecture. The principal entrance, on the avenue, will be through a grand portico, surrounded by columns, with elaborate entablatures. This will open into a court-yard, ninety-six by forty-eight feet in dimensions, which will be laid out in walks and borders, and planted with flowers and shrubbery. The library and the reading-room will occupy the wing on the south side of this court-yard, the museum the north wing, and the attic will be devoted to the picture-gallery. The material, which closely resembles granite in appearance, is limestone, from the vicinity of Lockport, in this State. The cost of the building will be nearly a half a million dollars. For this magnificent gift, which will be thrown open to the public on completion, the citizens of New York will be indebted to the munificence of Mr. James Lenox, who has spent a lifetime in the collection of treasures for its galleries. All his rare books, manuscripts, and works of art, will be placed in this fitting receptacle, to remain forever, let us hope, a monument to his liberality. With such princely gifts as those of Astor and of Lenox, our city must soon rival the old-world capitals in facilities for study and scholarly research.

—The reported action of the authorities of Yale College excusing students from attending services in the chapel on Sunday afternoons is significant, when considered in connection with the recent agitation, in this city and elsewhere, of the question of the propriety of throwing open the public libraries on that day. It indicates a growing change of sentiment in regard to the proper observance of Sunday. Although few deny that the consecration of one day of the seven to rest is beneficial, both morally and physically, many are of opinion that the best interests of society will not suffer if some of the restraints which have hedged in the day hitherto be loosened. Our forefathers may have been able to digest three sermons and cold victuals on Sunday, but the present generation demands a different diet. Some even of our spiritual leaders begin to entertain grave doubts whether the solemn Sunday handed down to us by our Puritan ancestors is precisely the Sunday contemplated by the Great Giver of all good. To this class belongs Henry Ward Beecher. He believes that, while all encroachments on the sanctities of the day should be watched with caution, and while changes in the method of its observance should be accepted only after

grave deliberation, the times demand that the subject be discussed in a more liberal spirit than has been usual hitherto. In such a spirit he responded lately to the argument of those who believe that the opening of the public libraries on Sunday will result in evil. If he did not succeed in convincing all the advocates of this theory that they stand on untenable ground, he proved to the world that he is possessed of a breadth and catholicity of sentiment fully up to the requirements of the age. Whatever may befall the experiment about to be tried, nothing but good can result from such a candid and conscientious discussion of the subject.

### Literary Notes.

MR. LONGFELLOW'S new volume, just issued, is called "Three Books of Song." The first book comprises "Tales of a Wayside Inn—the Second Day;" the second is occupied by a dramatic poem, "Judas Macabæus," and the third contains "A Handful of Translations," from various European tongues. The Tales of the sojourners at the Wayside Inn are introduced by a prelude of great beauty, in which the poet sketches a rainy-day landscape with those mild yet effective colors which he handles with such masterly skill, and are linked together with graceful interludes. Many of the Tales are familiar to magazine-readers, as "The Ballad of Carmilhan," "Lady Wentworth," and "The Baron of St. Castine." From one of the interludes we copy this beautiful passage:

"He played; at first the tones were pure  
And tender as a summer night,  
The full moon climbing to her height,  
The sob and ripple of the seas,  
The flapping of an idle sail;  
And then by sudden and sharp degrees  
They multiplied, wild harmonies  
Freshened and burst into a gale;  
A tempest howling through the dark,  
A crash as of some shipwrecked bark,  
A loud and melancholy wail."

In another interlude we find a bit of quiet satire:

"You know that people nowadays  
To what is old give little praise;  
All must be new in prose and verse;  
They want hot bread or something worse,  
Fresh every morning and half baked;  
The wholesome bread of yesterday,  
Too stale for them, is thrown away,  
Nor is their thirst with water slaked."

"Judas Macabæus" is the longest and most elaborate poem in the book, and by it mainly will the volume be judged. It is, as we have said, a dramatic poem, and deals with the salient events of the revolt of the Jews against Antiochus. Its chief beauty is in the delineation of Jewish character—its fidelity and fortitude under terrible persecution, and its immovable loyalty to the ancient religion. The weakness and strength of the poet are strikingly illustrated in this drama: what we may call the feminine element of tragedy always has just and effective treatment at his hands; while the masculine element—the sterner passions of men and the rush and whirl of critical events—the cataclysm, so to speak, of dramatic action, has but a timid and comparatively feeble rendering. Act II. of this poem—in which the mother of seven sons listens without the dungeons where they are tempted to apostatize, and refusing are, one after another, put to death by torture—is a masterpiece of

emotional narrative; the mother's love for her children, and her still mightier love for God and trust in His mercy; the calm steadfastness of the older sons, and the defiant scorn of the younger the final, almost relenting pang in the heart of Antiochus, sick and weary of blood—all this is told with surpassing pathos and the strength of singular simplicity. The third act, which shows a battle-field, and deals with the ruder emotions that prelude the shock of combat, with the more active and tangible phases of human passions, is less satisfying, and betrays in many pages a lack of that vigor which such scenes demand in description. But the poem is a noble one, rich in fine sentiments, and abounding in passages of marvellous beauty. Of the translations we can only say a word in special praise of "The Boy and the Brook," and "The Wanderer's Night-Songs."

"The Rose-Garden" (Roberts Brothers) is issued anonymously, but was written, we believe, by Miss Peard, author of "One Year." It is a story of French life, its scene being laid mainly in Bayonne, a city of France, better known in history than in fiction. As a work of art it is faulty, but as a story it is charming. Its atmosphere is singularly soft—soothing rather than exhilarating; its action is quiet and natural, and most of its characters are drawn with great skill. Renée, the heroine, is an impulsive girl, who marries rather to oblige her mother than from love, and who by the act becomes party to a deception which was destined directly to shadow and ultimately to illumine her life. The plot, slight as it is, proceeds smoothly; but the chief interest of the story lies in the development of character. The author's disposal of Gabrielle—a conscientious, thoughtful girl, who serves as a foil to the mercurial Renée, and for whom the reader is sure to feel a sympathetic affection, is by no means satisfactory; and the story's end is far too abrupt. But the general effect is pleasing; and, in addition to the principal merit we have noted, it is specially admirable for its descriptions of external Nature. The author's style is graceful and generally correct; but she errs in transferring French idioms into an English book, as in "you have reason," frequently repeated, instead of "you are right," "what has he?" instead of "what is the matter with him?" etc. The tone of the book is exceptionally high, its moral useful, and, without exciting, it elevates and refines the reader's thoughts.

"A Seven Months' Run up and down and around the World," by James Brooks, is a collection of letters written to the *New-York Express*, descriptive of a journey across the plains to San Francisco, thence to Japan, China, India, and other countries. It is a very lively, brightly-written work. It glances at the places seen and the persons encountered in a free, brisk manner, that is often more effective than labored and elaborate description—just as an artist's free sketch has more breadth and genuine revelations of the scene than the overworked canvas. Mr. Brooks touches every picture with a sort of high light that catches the spirit of the scene in a phrase, and these phrases are usually the happy inspiration of the moment, dotted down in pencil on bits of paper, and in this form transmitted to the *Express* for publication, from the columns of which they are transferred to the book without change. It is a very readable volume.

"Pansies," under which title Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney has chosen to gather her verses, is very nearly perfect in all its externals. We

cannot say as much of its contents, though their beauty, like that of the typography and binding, is largely due to mechanical skill. Mrs. Whitney writes pleasant verses; but she does not seem to write in measure as if she couldn't help it—a safe and easy test of true poetry. We find in her poems what we have already seen in her stories: her muse is a faithful and accomplished servant, not a directing and inspiring genius. Her verses impress us as the work of a refined and thoughtful woman, who adores moral beauty, who has no little poetical feeling, but can give it voice only after the old methods—whose thoughts are fine rather than strong, suggestive rather than striking. Her prodigality in the matter of adjectives and adverbs is a sign of a certain weakness which does not belong to true poetry. In this stanza, for instance, nearly half the words might have been omitted without detriment to sense or force:

"The saddened trees, with weary boughs,  
Drooped heavily, or sullen awayed  
Slow answer to the sobe and sighs  
The jaded east wind, whimpering, made."

"South-Sea Bubbles," the clever work of the young Earl of Pembroke, though it has been sharply and justly criticised for its disrespectful tone toward the missionaries, seems to meet with much favor from the reading public, who are attracted by its lively and genial style, and its graphic and humorous sketches of life, manners, and scenes in the Pacific Islands. One critic compares it to "Tom Cringle's Log," which is a high compliment, for there are few livelier books than that famous nautical novel. The demand for the "Bubbles" has been so great that the Appletons have issued a cheap, popular edition, in very handsome style.

Mrs. Helen Hunt, author of "Bits of Travel," is treating herself to another "Bit" on the Pacific coast, whereof we may expect to have graphic report in some of the magazines. She is accompanied by Miss Woolsey, of New Haven, whose "New Year's Bargain" is one of the most charming books in our juvenile literature.

Mrs. James T. Fields sometimes "drops into poetry," as in the June number of the *Atlantic*. Her contributions are signed "A. W.," which stand for Annie West, part of her maiden name. She is the author of a little book entitled "Asphodel," published half a dozen years ago, and not remarkably successful.

The first volume of Michelet's "History of the Nineteenth Century" has been published in Paris, under the separate title of "The Directory and the Rise of the Bonapartes." The second volume, entitled "Napoleon in Power," will be issued in 1878.

A Stuttgart publisher announces "The Cost of Book-making in all Civilized Countries," in two volumes.

Victor Hugo's popularity as an author does not seem to have declined, for he received fifty thousand francs for his recent work "L'Année Terrible."

## Miscellany.

### Antioch.

**F**EW cities even in the East—so fertile in calamities—have been so severely visited as Antioch. Earthquakes, famine, and pestilence, seem to have been her portion at various

periods during her existence of more than two thousand years; and of late she has held the position only of a dilapidated town, possessing hardly sufficient interest to call the Oriental traveller aside from the beaten path to look upon what was once the Queen of the East. Built about 800 B. C., by Seleucus Nicator, founder of the Syro-Macedonian Empire, and named in honor of his father, Antiochus, for six hundred years it was the most beautiful city in Western Asia, and the favorite residence of wealthy Romans. Extended over a broad plain, between the river Orontes and the mountains Casius and Amanus, it occupied the larger portion of a space five miles in breadth and ten miles in length, through which the river wound gracefully, emptying itself into the bay of Antioch. On the slope of Mount Silpius were extensive vineyards, while the banks of the Orontes bloomed with the luxurious growth of the fig-tree, the myrtle, the bay, the ilex, and the arbutus, mingled with dwarf-oak and sycamore. It was, in fact, "beautiful Antioch," the fair but frail city of the East, where Asian and Greek civilization met and brought together all of luxury and magnificence that could make life bewitching and charming to the senses. Its climate, tempered by the west wind, was the most delicious, though enervating, in the world. Its very origin was a romance. When its founder decided upon his great undertaking, the sanction of auguries was sought for the establishment of the new metropolis. Like Romulus on the Palatine, Seleucus is said to have watched the flight of birds from the summit of Mount Casius. An eagle, carrying in its talons a fragment of the flesh of the sacrifice, decided the site of Antioch. This legend is often represented on the coins of Antioch by the figure of an eagle carrying the thigh of a victim, while the astrological propensities, which characterized the Antiochians, are signified by the figure of a ram, combined with a star, denoting the vernal sign of the zodiac under which the city was founded.

Antioch was soon crowded with inhabitants from the surrounding districts, and Seleucus raised the Jews who settled here to the same political privileges with the Greeks. Here were eighteen tribes, who were represented politically by an assembly which met in the theatre, and, later, by a senate of two hundred members. The character of the people may readily be imagined. The climate made them effeminate and luxurious. Antioch seems to have been built with lavish expenditure of wealth, and with wonderful magnificence. A portion of it extended over an island in the river Orontes, and was joined to the larger part by five bridges. The arrangement of the streets was simple and symmetrical. One of these streets extended for four miles, with double colonnades. Temples, palaces, and superb theatres, lined these on either side, while arches and statues at various points added to the beauty of the scene. The number and splendor of the public buildings, at the beginning of the Roman period, was very great, while a long series of Roman emperors added to its embellishment. Theatres, amphitheatres, and public baths, were common; while, as in Damascus, nearly every private dwelling was supplied with water and baths as a necessity. The great street was paved with Egyptian granite; Trajan, Caligula, and Hadrian, erected baths, which bore the names of their founders; and Diocletian built here a palace, and established public stores and manufactories of arms. Five miles from the city stood a suburb, known as Daphne, where Seleucus had planted a grove, in the middle of

which he built a temple dedicated to Apollo and Diana. This place was the favorite resort of the sensual and dissolute Antiochians, until "to live after the manner of Daphne" became synonymous with pleasures of the most impure and voluptuous character.

Few cities are more intimately connected with the rise of the Christian religion than Antioch. In A. D. 45 the Christian Church in that city was sufficiently wealthy to aid the inhabitants of Judea, then suffering under a famine, and St. Paul, in company with Barnabas, was sent thither to collect subscriptions. Antioch was then chosen by Paul as the starting-point for his missionary labors, and he is cited as having made three distinct journeys thence into Asia Minor and Europe. In A. D. 347 was born, at Antioch, John Chrysostom, one of the most eloquent and earnest of all the early fathers. Here he preached against the pagans, receiving his appellation of the "golden-mouthed" for his marvellous oratorical gifts. To Chrysostom we are indebted for the statement that, in his time, Antioch contained a population of two hundred thousand souls, of whom one hundred thousand were Christians.

About one hundred and forty-five years before the Christian era, one hundred thousand of the inhabitants fell victims to a war with the Jews, which was the beginning of the long line of calamities which resulted in the total destruction of this doomed city. In 115 A. D., in the reign of the Emperor Trajan, Antioch was visited by an earthquake which lasted several days and nights, and which destroyed a large portion of the city and the lives of many of its inhabitants. Trajan himself, who happened to be visiting the city, narrowly escaped with his life by leaping from a window. Thirty years later, Antioch was nearly destroyed by a terrible fire, but was rebuilt by Antoninus Pius. In A. D. 331, having been three times captured and plundered, Antioch was visited by a terrible famine, and in 381 by another, still more grievous, which was followed by the plague. In the year 458 Antioch was again almost entirely ruined by an earthquake, which left scarcely a single house standing in the most beautiful quarter of the city. In 526 it was again similarly visited; and twelve years later, being captured by Chosroe, King of Persia, the inhabitants were nearly all put to the sword, and the city burnt to the ground. It was again restored, but in 557 was again destroyed by an earthquake, when thirty thousand lives were lost. In 1098 the warriors of the first crusade, Godfrey and Tancred, pitched their tents without the city, and eventually captured it; but in 1668 it fell into the hands of the Sultan of Egypt and his Mamelukes. From this time it sunk gradually into a state of complete insignificance, and in the fifteenth century contained only three hundred houses. Its population, of late years, has varied between five thousand and ten thousand, as many as six thousand Egyptian soldiers being sometimes encamped there. Another terrible earthquake, in 1822, completed the demolition even of the walls of the old city; and mulberry-groves and fruit-gardens occupy the site of what was once the greatest city of the East. The town consists of houses built of mud and straw, and narrow and miry streets exhibit every appearance of misery and wretchedness. The soil, though remarkably fertile, is uncultivated, the lazy Arabs and Toorkomans passing their time in fishing and smoking. And now comes the intelligence that, in March last, another earthquake has demolished one-half of the town, and destroyed fifteen hundred of its inhabitants.

### Ward's Statue of Shakespeare.

Of the bronze statue of Shakespeare, by John Quincy Adams Ward, recently erected in Central Park, the art-critic of the New-York *Tribune* gives the following account:

"It is of noble proportions and bearing. Ward's Shakespeare is no pale, thin-blooded, slender-limbed man of mind, wasted by the action of thought, but a sturdy, robust frame, broad-shouldered and firmly knit. He stands well on his feet, and easily, as if it were no fatigue to stand. His limbs are strongly modelled, like those of a man who walks abroad in the world of Nature and society, and finds himself more at home in the street than in the library. A volume in the right hand indicates his calling as a man of letters; his left arm placed a-kimbo gives an air of leisurely meditation. So those naturally stand who are 'intending their minds.'

"Mr. Ward's conception of Shakespeare—and it is a legitimate, perhaps the only just conception of him—is evidently that of a 'man of the world,' in the best sense that can be given to that abused term. That is to say, a man who is no recluse, no idealist, no dreamer, no speculative philosopher, who constructs the universe out of materials that are extant in the depths of his consciousness, but a man who lives in the world, observes it, studies it, reflects on it, takes it just at it, and tries to get at the moral laws that make it go on. He is, first of all, an observer; no theorist, no theologian, no scholastic philosopher, no preacher, no moralist, no apologist or accuser of mankind; but a creature endowed with extraordinary powers of impartial discernment; a healthy person, therefore, well organized and equipped for practical emergencies, at home in all scenes, and hospitable to all characters. The power of this frame speaks of endurance, of participation in the affairs of common life; the elegance of it tells of familiarity with people of culture. He is not awkward. He has no thought of his clothes.

"Some will be surprised at the apparent youthfulness of the figure, and will judge it to be a mistake that so few traces of thought are indicated in the lines of the face. But this, too, may be explained on the theory just mentioned. The men whose faces are marked with furrows and hollows by intense thinking, are men whose thinking is speculative and interior. Metaphysicians, theologians, students, who pass their days in libraries and burn the midnight lamp, such have the dim eye, the sunken cheek, the skin-like parchment. But the man whose mind, however active, works in sympathy with mankind and in harmony with Nature, may put forth prodigious intellectual efforts and still preserve an unworn look. This Shakespeare is clearly a man of thought; literally a thinking man, and not a thinking *brute* merely. He thinks all over. The head is large, fully developed, a magnificent dome of mind, but it is not in the least out of proportion with the frame; indeed, at the first glance, it looks too small. It is a live head placed on live shoulders. He is presented as what the old Bible calls 'a living soul.'

"And this brings us directly to the head and face, which are sure to be the most commented on and criticised. These were the points that presented to the sculptor any peculiar difficulty. It is unnecessary to say that the difficulty was fairly faced, duly estimated, and met with patient consideration, careful judgment, and a most faithful use of all the existing means for arriving at sound conclusions. No portrait of Shakespeare commands such entire confidence that the artist would

have been justified in copying it. While all have certain points in common, they differ from one another in incidental and in some cardinal respects. No one of them is entitled to authoritative preëminence before the others. They may all be genuine, and yet all be untrue.

"Not in the spirit of barren eclecticism, which picks out a good point here and another there, and then pieces them together, but with the fidelity of a keen analyst, who would extract from all the essential qualities they had in common, the artist endeavored to do justice to all the portraits, to present a probable Shakespeare, to express his own idea of the man, and to meet the demand for a likeness which all beholders might acknowledge. Not that he was conscious of having these separate aims before him as he worked; in that case his process would have been that of artificial selection and combination. His aim was truth, and he felt that the best way to arrive at comprehensive truth, which would satisfy the largest number of conditions, was through a method which admitted the probability that each portrait was a more or less correct picture of the poet, and that each must have some essential features in common with all the rest.

"Only those who have looked into the problem of Shakespearean portraiture enough to become acquainted with its difficulties, can judge to what extent the finer intellectual qualities were brought into actual exercise in this instance. To the unskilled observer the complete result looks far from marvellous. The student who knows the processes that led to it, will cheerfully render the full measure of praise to the sculptor, whose ability is as conspicuous as his modesty."

### The Banded Sun-fish.

The banded sun-fish lives in quiet waters, where there is an abundance of vegetation. He delights to hide in the masses of splatter-docks and allied plants that are so characteristic of our quiet streams and mill-ponds; but herein alone he is like the finny companions that he has, as our various cyprinoids and other sun-fish. If you approach the bank of the stream carefully, and gaze about with patience, you can easily detect him eying you very steadily; and, if you are not too demonstrative, he will allow himself to be scrutinized. Stand still a moment and see him exhibit! With his dorsal and ventral fins closely pressed upon his back and sides, he moves along slowly, a very ordinary fish, except that his black and white show out very distinctly; but, anon, he sees a shell slowly climbing the stalk of a splatter-dock, and then, oh—wondrous change! Up goes his dorsal fin, and down fall the ventrals! His colors deepen—the black bands are deeper black; the white interspaces assume a pinkish hue; and, with fins outspread, down he sweeps upon the unsuspecting shell; and, turning, down go his fins again to his body, and he saunters carelessly about, apparently using his colorless pectoral fins only. He is not to be scooped up, in clear water, as any ordinary sun-fish. Give him the advantage of but little vegetation, and he will dodge a scoop-net until your arm aches. Not by fast swimming, for he is a very slow-motioned fish in straight-away locomotion; but he will avoid you by dodging. In this, he is really perfect; and I have got round it, when collecting, by using two nets, after driving him into a mass of dock and other aquatic plants. He dislikes to have his favorite haunt intruded upon by other fish, and makes a great demonstration, when disturbed, which succeeds in driving off some fish, but not all. The ordinary cat-fish

especially excites his ire. These slimy, restless cat-fish go noosing about in a most impudent way, and bump their clammy snouts against any and every thing that attracts their attention. This is too much for our delicate friend the banded sun-fish; and so, when he sees a cat-fish nearing him, he is immediately up in arms. His sharp, spiny dorsal fin fairly trembles. He moves not an inch, while the sluggish *Ameiurus* comes slowly nearer. All is passive on the sun-fish's part until the nose of the "cat" is within an inch or more, when, with a rush, half head-over-tail, *swoosh* go the sharp spines of the sun-fish across the "cat's" face, which causes him to skeddaddle. Slowly floating on the clear waters of Crosswreelassen Creek, I have peered over the side of my little boat, and watched the above scene perhaps a hundred times, and ever laughed heartily at the success of my little friend.

The geographical range of this species is not very extended; but, being found abundantly about Philadelphia and Baltimore, it has attracted the attention of aquaria-keepers; but their success in keeping them has not been very good. Why, I cannot pretend to say, as they are a most hardy species; and not only very hardy, but attractive in every way. They become very tame, and will approach the front glass as you near the aquarium; and, if you put your finger or hand in the water, they will glide past it, brushing their side against it, as a kitten rubs itself against one's feet. We know of no fish more suspicious of man when in its native haunts, and none that becomes tame more readily when once placed in a well-organized aquarium. To see him caper and show off his eccentricities would delight Mr. Darwin. After ten years' acquaintance with not only this fish but all his associates, I unhesitatingly declare him to be the most intelligent of our small fresh-water fishes; and that fish are devoid of intelligence, none will declare who have studied them carefully. This species was first described by Spencer F. Baird, of the Smithsonian Institution, in 1854. Since that time it has become, in many streams, steadily more abundant; and, although weaker than the common sun-fish, it seems to be driving them off, or at least taking their place. With the mass of hook-and-line fishing-boys, this species is a genuine *rare avis*, as it will not take the hook, however seductively offered. At least such has been my experience; and I have been able, at odd times, to take some species with a hook that usually bores the "hook-and-liners;" as the "gizzard-shad," the "pirate," and some of the smaller "darters."

### Patti's Farewell to Vienna.

On the evening of April 24th, Madame Patti took a farewell benefit at Vienna, appearing in "Traviata." The imperial family and the flower of the Vienna aristocracy assisted at this *fête*, which assumed the proportions of a veritable event. During the performance, in which the *dées* is said to have surpassed even herself, more than three hundred bouquets, crowns, and baskets of flowers, were thrown upon the stage. Several of the bouquets were tied with the finest thread-lace of Brussels and Chantilly. In addition, she received a great number of costly presents. Among them were a beautiful diamond bracelet, a laurel-crown in solid gold, a porte-bouquet, gold set with diamonds, sapphires, and rubies, a silver cup, such as is used as a prize at races, filled with flowers, etc.

The excitement did not abate during the entire evening. Suddenly, when the enthusiasm was at its height, the orchestra, at the per-



sonal instance of his majesty, played a sort of flourish called the *Tuch*, and which is reserved for the emperor when he presents himself before a regiment. At this the enthusiasm of the audience knew no bounds, and everybody present, from parterre to paradise, orchestra included, rose to their feet. The artist, overcome with emotion, her eyes filled with tears, her arms full of bouquets and wreaths of flowers, and her hands filled with costly presents, was called out more than *fifty times*. Never before, say the papers, did an artist celebrate such a triumph in Vienna.

#### Guano.

It has been asserted, by Professor Edwards, that guano—which for years has been so extensively imported for certain qualities of land—is not composed of the excreta of birds. The recent researches of Dr. Habel tend to support this view; for, when the portions of guano which are insoluble in acids are submitted to chemical and microscopic examination, they are found to consist of skeleton remains of animals of marine origin, and frequently of animals to be found alive in the neighboring seas. It is stated that ships riding at anchor round the guano-producing islands frequently pull up the guano with their anchors. This is strong evidence against the old-fashioned excreta theory. The new conjectural proposition endeavors to account for the existence of the masses of guano in the Chincha Islands by the action of heat, or chemical action, or both together working the necessary changes for the conversion of the animal remains into the well-known fertilizing substance of commerce.

#### The Game of Whist.

If you the modern game of whist would know, From this great principle its precepts flow: Treat your own hand as to your partner's joined, And play, not one alone, but both combined.

Your first lead makes your partner understand What is the chief component of your hand; And hence there is necessity the strongest That your first lead be from your suit that's longest.

In this, with ace and king, lead king, then ace; With king and queen, king also has first place; With ace, queen, knave, lead ace, and then the queen;

With ace, four small ones, ace should first be seen; With queen, knave, ten, you let the queen precede;

In other cases you the lowest lead.

Ere you return your friend's, your own suit play; But trumps you must return without delay.

When you return your partner's lead, take pains

To lead him back the best your hand contains, If you received not more than three at first; If you had more, you may return the worst. But, if you hold the master-card, you're bound In most cases to play it second round.

When'er you want a lead, 'tis seldom wrong To lead up to the weak or through the strong.

In second hand your lowest should be played, Unless you mean "trump-signal" to be made;

Or, if you've king and queen, or ace and king, Then one of these will be the proper thing.

Mind well the rules for trumps—you'll often need them:

WHEN YOU HOLD FIVE, 'TIS ALWAYS RIGHT TO LEAD THEM;

Or, if the lead won't come in time to you, Then signal to your partner so to do.

Watch also for your partner's trump-request, To which, with less than four, play out your best.

To lead through honors turned up is bad play, Unless you want the trump-suit cleared away.

When second hand a doubtful trick you see, Don't trump it, if you hold more trumps than three;

But, having three or less, trump fearlessly.

When weak in trumps yourself, don't force your friend, But always force the adverse strong trump-hand.

For sequences, stern custom has decreed The lowest you must play, if you don't lead.

When you discard, weak suits you ought to choose, For strong ones are too valuable to lose.

#### A True Lady.

"I cannot forbear pointing out to you, my dearest child," said Lord Collingwood to his daughter, "the great advantages that will result from a temperate conduct and sweetness of manner to all people on all occasions. Never forget that you are a gentleman, and all your words and actions should make you gentle. I never heard your mother—your dear, good mother—say a harsh or hasty thing to any person in my life. Endeavor to imitate her. I am quick and hasty in my temper; but, my darling, it is a misfortune which, not having been sufficiently restrained in my youth, has caused me inexpressible pain. It has given me more trouble to subdue this impetuosity than any thing I ever undertook."

#### Art-discoveries in Italy.

A year has passed (writes the Naples correspondent of the London *Athenaeum*) since Cavaliere Cavallari, under the auspices of the Archaeological Commission of Palermo, discovered among the ruins of the largest temple of Selinuntium a Greek inscription, which, on account of its historical interest, has much engaged the attention of the learned. During the last month Cavaliere Cavallari has discovered a necropolis, hitherto unknown, on the side of Manicalunga, the sepulchres of which contained many painted vases of the highest value. Still more recent information tells us of the discovery of the theatre of Selinuntium, of which no record remains, no apparent trace existed, and which now for the first time has been brought to light between the city and the necropolis. Travellers in Sicily will, therefore, have another object of interest at this season. The results of the excavations in Pompeii, too, have been more than usually important. At the beginning of the month one was made in the presence of the Grand-duchess Olga of Russia, when a pavement of Greek marble, decorated with paintings of various figures, was discovered. The Commendatore Fiorelli considers that it represents the scene of an ancient tragedy—the Niobe. This is the first painting on marble that has been found in Pompeii, says the *Unità Nazionale*, for those which are exhibited in the Museum came from Herculaneum. During the excavation reported above, there were found also several bronze vases, and the rudder of a ship, also of bronze, belonging to a large statue of Fortune, which was carried off by the Pom-

peians. Two sepulchres have also been recently found, each containing a skeleton. One was formed of fragments of amphora, which covered the skeleton from the head to the knees; on this rested a large stone, in the corner of which was engraved, as with steel, the letter C. Both bodies lay from west to east. Near at hand were discovered some human bones, buried apparently in the earth. Signor Fiorelli imagines that they are the remains of the companions of Spartacus, but abstains from giving a decided opinion until archaeologists have determined the epoch of some tiles and amphora which have been presented to the Academy of Archaeology and Fine Arts.

#### Secrets of Health.

1. Keep warm.
2. Eat regularly and slowly.
3. Maintain regular bodily habits.
4. Take early and very light suppers.
5. Keep a clean skin.
6. Get plenty of sleep at night.
7. Keep cheerful and respectable company.
8. Keep out of debt.
9. Don't set your mind on things you don't need.
10. Mind your own business.
11. Don't set yourself up to be a sharper of any kind.
12. Subdue curiosity.
13. Avoid drugs.

#### Foreign Items.

THE people of Switzerland are about to vote on the ratification or rejection of their new constitution. In order that every citizen of the republic may be able to vote intelligently on the question, the Federal Council has ordered six hundred thousand copies of the old and new constitution to be printed, so that a copy of each may be placed in the hands of every voter.

The members of the so-called Magyar Ladies' Orchestra, who had been engaged for a concert-tour in the United States by designing villains, have attached the property of the latter in Vienna. One of the guiltiest parties, Radziwill, who formerly was doorkeeper of the Academy of Music in New York, has been sentenced in Vienna to two years' imprisonment.

It is a somewhat strange coincidence that Marshal MacMahon and Field-Marshal Moltke served for a time together as instructors of the Turkish Army, and that General Faidherbe, the French commander of the Army of the North, and his gifted Prussian adversary, General von Goeben, served together during the Carlist wars in Spain, frequently sleeping in one tent.

Prince Gortschakoff received from the Czar Alexander II., in 1863, in consequence of the distinguished diplomatic services he rendered in that year, in reference to the foreign complications arising from the insurrection in Poland, a patent appointing him Chancellor of the Russian Empire for life. The rumors of his removal are, therefore, groundless.

Colonel Estvan, the adventurer, who was recently sentenced to six years' imprisonment in Vienna, had, since 1822, private interviews with six kings, three emperors, and two Presidents of the United States. His private correspondence, which is now in the hands of the Austrian police, is said to be exceedingly valuable.

Boldo is the name of a plant found in Bolivia, and prescribed extensively by German physicians for liver-complaints. It is said that the medicinal properties of boldo were discovered in consequence of a flock of sheep, suffering from disease of the liver, having been

driven into a boldo-field and cured there after feeding on the plant for a few days.

The general impression in France is, that the court-martial at Versailles will find Marshal Bazaine guilty of treason, and that President Thiers and the legislative committee on pardons will not dare to pardon him. The people of Metz loudly demand the blood of the marshal.

The new German Arctic Expedition will sail on the 1st of July from Bremen in the ship *Tegethof*, under the command of Lieutenant Weyprecht. The expenses of the undertaking, which amounted to one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars, were collected by private subscriptions.

Karl Blind, the German revolutionist, has requested President Thiers to rescind the decree by which he was banished from France in 1849; but his application was rejected.

The Norwegians celebrate, this year, the one thousandth anniversary of the foundation of their kingdom, with considerable pomp and splendor.

Prince Leopold of Bavaria, the intended husband of the daughter of the Emperor of Austria, is a cousin, and not brother, of King Louis of Bavaria.

Hamburg has a carrier-pigeon club, which is now travelling through Germany, and gives performances with its three hundred carrier-pigeons.

Every European prime-minister, except Cardinal Antonelli and the Turkish grand-vizier, is a freemason.

The sultan, owing to continued ill-health, has given up his intention to visit Western Europe this summer.

Bavaria, according to the recent census, has a population of four million eight hundred and fifty thousand and thirty-eight inhabitants.

Field-Marshal Wrangel, the oldest officer of the Prussian Army, is ninety years of age, and still hale and hearty.

A Jesuit humorous paper is about to be published in Berlin, in opposition to the *Kladderadatsch* and the *Wespenn*.

Prussia proper has twenty-four million six hundred and forty-five thousand three hundred and fifty-six inhabitants.

An International Congress of Old Catholics will be opened in Vienna on the 15th of August, 1872.

The population of Stockholm is now one hundred and thirty-six thousand four hundred and thirty-two.

William Cullent Bryant has been chosen honorary member of the Bavarian Academy of Sciences.

Gambling at Monaco is said to rage more furiously than ever.

Napoleon III. will pass a part of the summer months on the Island of Jersey.

The celebrated statistician, Dr. Engel, has left the Prussian service.

The Stock-Brewery in Cologne is built on the ruins of the palace of Agrippina.

Owing to Mazzini's death, his paper, *Roma di Popolo*, has suspended publication.

Schiller's "Robbers" is performed in the Armenian language at the Pera Theatre.

Two hundred and forty-nine persons committed suicide in Paris in 1871.

Corporal punishment has been abolished in the state-prisons of Prussia.

Richard Wagner intends to repeat his Wagner festival in 1875 in the United States.

Franz Liszt has settled permanently at Weimar.

## Varieties.

WE are told of a Mr. Bell, of California, that, when he kneads dough, he instantly becomes a sort of galvanic battery, a sharp, tingling sensation travels from his fingers to his elbows, and there is a crackling sound as if of sparks. At night, while his hands are in the dough, sparks are seen to fly from his arms after the manner of the fiery showers which follow the rubbing of the back of a cat. If this sort of thing troubles Mr. Bell, he needn't knead.

It is said that washer-women in Washington are in the habit of persuading the unsuspicious customer that it requires from six to ten days to properly iron and wash his clothes. The work is usually accomplished on the first or second day, and then the lady of the wash-tub hires out to others such garments as they select for a day's or a night's wearing. This system of hiring is said to be carried on very extensively, and that a shrewd washerwoman can earn from five to six dollars a week extra in this way.

The principal states of Europe with a population of more than 25,000,000, are: Russia, 71,000,000; Germany, 40,000,000; France, 36,500,000; Austro-Hungary, 36,000,000; Great Britain, 32,000,000; and Italy, 26,500,000—their total population is, therefore, four-fifths of that of the whole of Europe. A century ago, before the partition of Poland, the great powers only possessed one-half of the then population of Europe, thus: Russia, 18,000,000; Austria, 17,000,000; Prussia, 5,000,000; England, 12,000,000; France, 26,000,000—total, 80,000,000.

A fashion reporter describes some of the toilets at a recent party at Cheyenne: "The belle of the evening was Miss W—. She dressed faultlessly in a linsey-woolsey of the palest shade of *café au lait*, cut *en train*, and trimmed with Chicago relics. Miss H— wore a *polonaise* made of blue jeans, postilioned in the back, cut *vis-à-vis* with a *de trop* bias, and gored in the most sanguinary manner."

It is said that the beginning of all street-sweeping dates back to the action of a certain London merchant, who attracted a number of customers to his store by keeping a line of communication open to the other side of the street. Through many months it was the only place where any one could cross the street without sticking into black and unsavory mud, and the merchant's name and business became famous as the result of his shrewd scheme.

Fanny Fern writes, with reference to the expensive toys now in vogue: "The doll of my bib-days was a crooked-necked squash, with a towel for a dress and a numerous progeny of little cucumbers for babies; and I was just as happy as, and a great deal better contented than, the little girl of to-day with a hundred-dollar Paris doll."

A short time back the question was asked, "Why do men marry?" The following reply was not less singular than true: "Some young men marry for dimples, some ears, some noses; the contest, however, generally lies between the eyes and the hair. The mouth, too, is occasionally married, the chin not so often."

"Well, Lanchie, how are you?" "Mon, I'm wonderfu' weel, considerin'." "Considerin' what?" "I did last night what I've no done this thirty year. I gaed to bed pair-

futly sober, and I'm thankfu' to say I got up this mornin' no bit the waur."

A London physician, rendered suspicious by continuous failures in vaccination, subjected some of the prepared quilla, which he had purchased at a respectable druggist's, to careful microscopic examination, and found that, instead of vaccine virus on the quilla, there was only a little starch, with traces of saliva. The wretch who manufactured them should have been shut up for life in a small-pox hospital.

Illinois farmers find that the partridge is a great destroyer of the chinch-bug, which is so injurious to wheat-fields, and are beginning to protect them from the fowler. One farmer says he has hundreds of tame partridges about his place, and his wheat-crops are unusually abundant, while in places not far away the chinch-bug commits great ravages. He feeds the birds in winter.

Another humble imitator of George Washington has turned up. A Michigander presented himself to the sheriff weeping, and said he could not tell a lie: he had killed his wife and child with his hatchet. The sheriff told him he was too good to live much longer, and the chances are that he will not.

The *Louisville Courier-Journal* has lost all patience with Dr. Livingstone, and, in allusion to an expedition now searching for him in the wilds of Africa, it ejaculates: "For our part, we can't see the use of spending so much time and money to find a man who can't be hired to stay found, and who is never happy except when he is lost."

Josh Billings says that the difference between a blunder and a mistake is this: When a man puts down a bad umbrella and takes up a good one, he makes a mistake; but when he puts down a good one and takes up a bad one, he makes a blunder.

An Englishman has invented a new method of lighting houses with coal-oil, being simply to have an oil-tank at the top of the house, with pipes to convey the non-explosive to all the lamps about the building. It is suggested that one effect of this plan will be to reduce the number of widows and orphans, as the whole family would go together in case of an explosion.

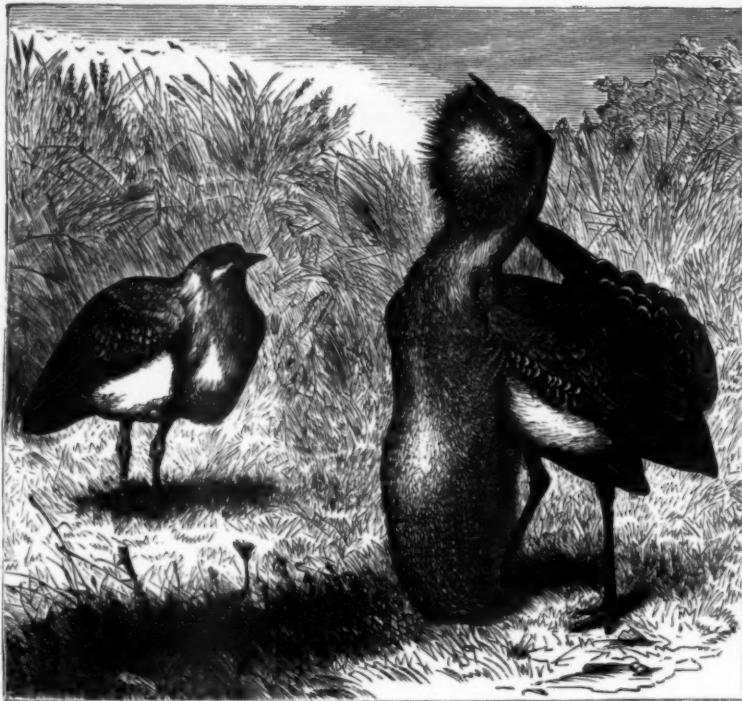
Toads sell freely in the English market for twenty-five cents a piece. They are used in gardens to catch flies and clean the shrubs of insects.

## The Museum.

THE bustards, in addition to the massive carriage of the *Gallinaceæ*, have a long neck and legs, with a moderate bill, the upper mandible of which is slightly arched. The nakedness of the lower part of the legs, their whole anatomy, and even the flavor of their flesh, place them in the order of *Grallæ*, or waders. Their wings are short; they fly but seldom, hardly ever using their wings, except, like the ostriches, to assist themselves in running. They feed indifferently on grain and herbs, worms and insects. They are very timid animals; they never perch, but fly with precipitation at the least sign of danger. They live on sandy and stony plains, far from water. Their eggs are laid in hollow places in open fields, and the young can run about and eat from the moment of birth. The males differ from the females, as is usually the case with birds, in possessing more ornaments and more variegated plumage. The male, moreover, has a singular pouch-like appendage in the upper part of its neck. This pouch was formerly supposed to be a water-reservoir, like the fabled camel's-stomach; but Mr. Frank Buckland asserts that it is a temporary air-chamber, and that it is also closely connected with the reproductive function.

Our illustration represents the Australian bustard with its pouch inflated. This occurs

during May and June. The neck swells, and the feathers of the lower part descend gradually downward in the form of a bag, oftentimes nearly reaching the ground. The tail is shot upward and forward over the back, coming almost in contact with the neck; in this attitude the bird struts about in a somewhat waddling manner, the elongated pouch awaying to and fro. The display occurs chiefly in the morning or at sundown. Bustards were formerly abundant in England, and, less than a hundred years ago, were to be seen in flocks of fifty or more on the extensive downs of Salisbury Plain, on Newmarket and Royston Heaths in Cambridgeshire, the Dorset Uplands, and Lothian



AUSTRALIAN BUSTARD.

in Scotland. The progress of enclosure, and the increase of inhabitants, have gradually driven them away or killed them off; and they are now almost, if not altogether, extinct. The English bustard was a fine, large bird, for the male weighed about twenty-seven pounds. How happy will the people of 1972 be if they can say the same of lawyers as we have written of bustards! "Less than a hundred years ago, they were to be seen in flocks of fifty or more in Westminster Hall, or Lincoln's-Inn Fields; but the progress of intelligence and the increase of good sense have gradually driven them away, and they are now almost, if not altogether, extinct."

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